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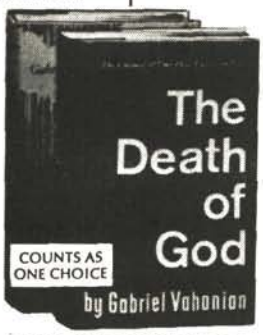

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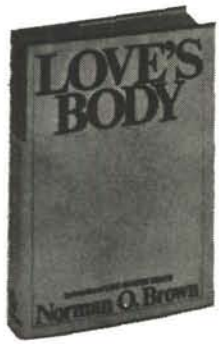

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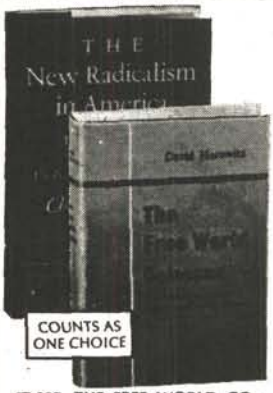

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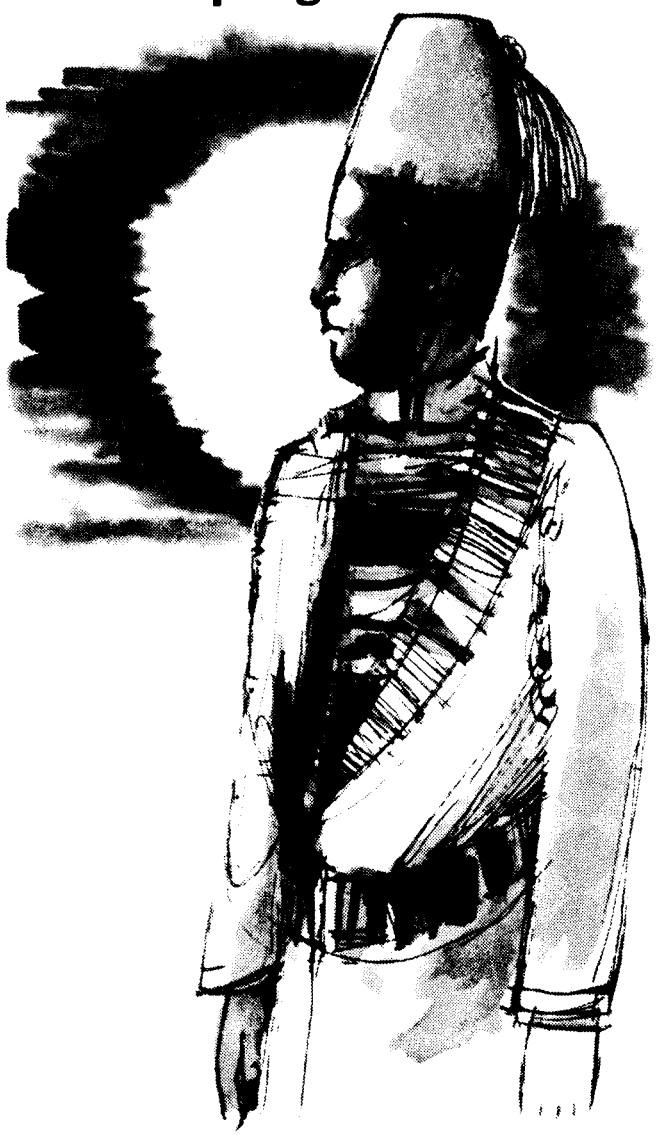

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This unusually timely study—a psychological delving into the major ethnic groups of Nigeria—is particularly interesting during a time of Nigerian upheaval, with so much resentment and persecution of the Ibo tribesmen. The Ibo, the Yoruba, and the Hausa, traditionally have widely contrasting systems of social mobility. Using schoolboys as subjects, the author analyzes their dream reports and achievement and obedience values. $3.95

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Crazy Taxes

★ The negative income tax may sound crazy to some, but is it any crazier than the income tax we already have? In a recent year, 17 citizens who had annual incomes in excess of $1 million each neither owed nor paid any income tax whatsoever. The top bracket of the income tax is supposed to be 68.5 percent, but the Treasury shows that the "typical" taxpayer with adjusted gross income of $1 million actually pays at a rate of about 17 percent. One oilman over five years had a net income of $14.3 million on which he paid only $80,000, or six-tenths of one percent.

Or take our present percentage depletion allowance on oil and gas. This granddaddy of all subsidies gives a tax rebate of 27.5 percent and goes on and on indefinitely, even after the original cost has been recovered many times over. It is defended with tigerish ferocity by the oil-gas lobby which insists that a Texas member be on the tax-writing House Ways and Means Committee to defend it.

Crazy? The depletion allowance under our present income tax is slowly being extended to coal, clay, uranium and other extractive products like clam and oyster shells. The famous "Christmas Tree" law, passed by the outgoing 89th Congress and adorned with parting gifts for dozens of special interests, carried one for the clam and oyster shell interests – a larger percentage depletion allowance.

If you call the negative income tax a "subsidy" (which it is) consider some of our other present subsidies. Farmers, aeronautics, home buyers, nearly everybody gets them. Inland waterways get $400 million; the merchant marine $540 million; the postal service pays millions for the privilege of delivering the "Occupant" mail which you throw away; corporate aircraft taking business executives around the country get about $5,000 a year per plane in free federal services, it is estimated.

At Thanksgiving, TRB buzzed over sleek, looping federal interstate highways from Washington to Illinois and back, and was thrilled by the wonderful things his government is providing him. These roads are a lovely poem of subsidies as cars sweep along steadily at 70 miles per hour – thwitt, thwitt, thwitt. Our country has loads of money; $20 billion for the moon shot; $60 billion for this 41,000-mile-highway complex built principally for the upper automobile classes.

We assume the unemployed Negro teen-ager on a Harlem street corner is thrilled at sending a man to the moon. He would probably like a job, too! Come to think of it, we didn't see many Negro families using the interstate highway; income disparity serves as a kind of segregation on the great complex, we suppose.

Brand X

★ Negro witness Bayard Rustin told the Ribicoff-Kennedy Senate committee last week that a high percentage of youths in the correctional institute at Chillicothe are there for stealing a car, to take a girl out for a date. The car lure is like a barbed fly for a trout.

We found the Senate hearings fascinating as always. Negro leader A. Philip Randolph said the Negro is like every other citizen "only more so" – he wants to share in the American Dream. "Wait till the Negro veteran comes back from Vietnam," he said grimly, "and is told he can't buy a house in Cicero!"

And Mr. Rustin said, "Imagine a 16-year-old Negro in a Harlem bar watching a TV telling him that unless he buys Brand X perfume he can't get his girl." The person responsible for lighting the fuse at Watts, we haven't a doubt, was the advertising man telling the underprivileged they must have Brand X.

Washington is full of stories right now of the confusion and disorder in the administration of the undigested Great Society measures. Some are true and conservatives are gleefully rubbing their hands over them. Operation Head Start is fine in theory but investigation hints that the preschool kids from deprived homes lose their momentum with tragic quickness in their first year at regular school. Programs like this are splendid but even a little experience shows how hard they are to administer and how inadequate "to end poverty."

"Guaranteed Income"

★ That brings us back to the negative income tax, or what is more frequently called "Guaranteed Income." Last week the US Chamber of Commerce here put on a symposium on it, so you see how respectable it is getting. It is surprising how many reputable people say the system might be cheaper than federal, state and local charitable contributions paid today, let alone poverty's accompanying social damage of crime and disease.

A family would add up its income and subtract its exemptions, and if the result was negative it would be entitled to payment from the government. In short, the government would pay out instead of taking in.

Costs of the plan range from $2.5 billion a year to $33 billion – the latter for raising all 12 million "poor" US families above the official poverty line (around $3,300 per family of four). Other countries have family allowances; why not the US?

Senator John Sherman in 1893 called President Cleveland's proposed income tax "socialism, communism, and devilism." It was passed in 1894, quickly thrown out by the horrified Supreme Court and reinstituted in 1913 after the Republicans (who implacably opposed it) thought they scotched it by submitting it to the states in an amendment.

Well, now it is 63 years later and something just about as radical is being discussed, the negative income tax – NIT. Galbraith, Milton Friedman, Mayor Lindsay and many other respectable figures feel the time has come for something like this. Isn't it somehow strange that despite unparalleled prosperity 30 million Americans remain "poor"? Forget decency and humanitarianism – think of the drag on the economy!

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Europe? Where's That?

Since the defeat of Japan, the United States has fought two Asian wars. Today we have two divisions stationed in South Korea, 30,000 fighting men in Thailand, and are hip-deep in a war in Vietnam. When President Johnson and Secretary of State Rusk refer to "our allies," they are most often talking about the Philippines and South Korea. The white Australians and New Zealanders are encouraged to think of themselves as threatened by a spreading communist Yellow Peril, from which American power will protect them, provided they show the flag in Vietnam. Australasia is now in the American, not the British, sphere of influence.

The US tends to be snooty toward its old European allies, Britain and France, principally because they couldn't care less about Vietnam, except to wish that we would stop bombing the North and would get out of the place. Our reaction to that sort of churlishness is to warn that if the Europeans won't help us patrol our Asian beat, some of the 225,000 troops we still have in Europe may have to be pulled out. That hint falls a little flatter each time it is made and increasingly risks a European retort of "Why don't you?" The Europeans won't try to pry us out of Vietnam but they won't help us fight either, for they think that our Asia policy, and especially our attitude toward China, is foolish. They are inclined to reflect that if US policy toward China seriously represents our idea of realistic diplomacy, perhaps Europe would be better off without a US presence.

The radical change that has taken place in the last five years is that Europeans have become less afraid of the Russians than they are of the US landing itself and them in a third global war. Russia may be at loggerheads with China, but the Russians are not at the moment shooting at anything, save possibly American planes over North Vietnam. Because the Soviet Union is not behaving in a warlike way but also because it continues to take an ardent and intelligent interest in Europe, it is accepted, even welcomed, in polite European society. This month, the European political stage was dominated by a Russian and a Frenchman: not an American in sight. Mr. Kosygin had no difficulty in presenting himself in Paris at General de Gaulle's side as a good European. On the other hand, the principal American contribution to Atlantic events was to have helped bring down the Erhard administration in West Germany. He had been summoned to Washington at the end of September to explain to Defense Secretary McNamara's satisfaction West Germany's failure to provide the cost of

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keeping US troops in Europe. Erhard had several excuses to offer, but as he refused to do as he was told, he was shipped back to Bonn without having got any understanding here of his budgetary and other problems. Now our officials fatalistically anticipate that US relations with Erhard's coalition successors will be considerably cooler than they were with Erhard, a prospect that seems not to worry anyone with much influence in the only place that counts, which is the White House.

Deliberately writing ourselves out of Europe might not be a bad policy if it were a policy – if the decision had been made to stand aloof intentionally and thus encourage the Europeans to settle the continent's affairs by themselves. But there is nothing deliberate about it. We have simply not put our minds to what Europe wants and what it is becoming, and the consequence is that Europe leaves us behind, because it has to. For example, an intelligent policy decision would have been for the US to say openly that a multilateral nuclear force is no longer feasible. But no, we cannot even bring ourselves to bury the dead. On our Atlantic door we have hung an "engaged" sign: too busy in Asia to bother with Europe. So the Europeans try to do something without consulting their formidable American ally – and are labeled Gaullist ingrates.

The most significant thing that Kosygin said in Paris was to promise: "If NATO is dissolved, we shall dissolve the Warsaw pact." Paris was a good place to make that statement, since France is already out of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization for all practical purposes. Kosygin knows too that the very notion of further dismantling the cumbersome and archaic machinery of NATO always drives the Pentagon and the State Department up the wall, but that the chances are scores to one against Washington's producing any interesting or constructive counterproposals. Kosygin coolly went on to propose a *European* security conference, which he has done before; now, however, he is pressing for it, emphasizing that "this question is now ripe." Graciously he did not wholly bar the possibility of American participation, but said that, of course, this was "for the Europeans to decide." The Russians want "peaceful coexistence" with the United States and "friendship" with France and other European countries; these were Kosygin's carefully selected phrases. The US wants peaceful coexistence with Russia, largely so we can give undivided attention to our Asian wars.

The Russians, and the Poles, have a number of plans ready to lay before a European security conference, such as parallel force reductions and a nonnuclear zone in Central Europe. The US Arms Control Agency probably could match them, but does the White House have time left over from Vietnam to concentrate on such matters? The administration's absorption in summit meetings with Marshal Ky may some day end in our exclusion, by no means entirely voluntary, from a summit meeting held across the Atlantic and called "European," but including Russia.

One reason besides domestic problems that West Germany's two major political parties agreed on a coalition which controls 447 of the West German parliament's 496 seats was in order to achieve a bipartisan foreign policy that is no longer bound to the wishes of the Americans. Neither the Social Democrats nor the Christian Democrats acting alone dare tell the electorate that the "lost German territories" in Polish possession since World War II really are lost, or that communist East Germany is likely to be around a long time. The coalition is headed by a significant troika: ex-Nazi Chancellor Kurt-Georg Kiesinger, ex-communist All-German Affairs Minister Wehner, and anti-Nazi, anti-communist Foreign Minister Willy Brandt. By burying the entire German left wing in this coalition, the Social Democrats may have created a political vacuum to be filled by neo-Nazis like the growing National Democratic Party. There is at least a chance, however, that the Germans are now headed for what President Johnson calls "peaceful engagement" with one another and with Russia and France. Soviet oil pipeline networks and Italian auto plants are gradually pulling Europe together, all the way to the Urals; the fear of communist hegemony is fading and nowhere are there armies of despairing unemployed waiting to be manipulated by a new fuehrer or duce. Foul though the weather is in Asia, in Europe the reading is toward fair, but that is in spite of, not because of, Washington.

Banks and South Africa

South Africa has never enjoyed a high rating on the list of America's protest priorities. From time to time, however, committees and individuals have attempted to demonstrate their repulsion to apartheid, and the object of attack has usually been US business. There is a brisk trade between the two countries. American businessmen have something like $800 million invested in South Africa, and there is yearly dealing of perhaps $700 million (quite heavily in favor of the US). General Motors, Caltex, Mobil Oil, the Engelhard interests, Firestone, Crown-Zellerbach and others have a considerable stake in the stability of the white racist regime. The State Department makes occasional disapproving noises about South Africa policies (and this year the US voted against South African practices in its Southwest Africa mandate), but for the most part the United States hopes for continued stability and "gradual improvement."

In back of US industrial investments are major American banks, and because they have a more direct

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relationship with ordinary customers on a day-to-day basis, they have been the favorite target of the protestors. Last year, there were demonstrators at the Chase Manhattan Bank in New York, and a campaign of deposit withdrawals was begun. It did not get very far, but in the past few months –perhaps because of the Rhodesian crisis – South Africa has appeared more important to the US, and the protests have intensified. Last month, the journal *Christianity and Crisis* called for a wide attack on the banks that support the South African government, and an ad-hoc committee singled out Chase-Manhattan and the First National City Bank for special opprobrium.

Those two are the biggest partners in a consortium of banks which gives South Africa a $40-million revolving credit account. It has been used only infrequently, but it puts South Africa's mind at ease. After the Sharpeville massacre in 1960, when foreign capital began to leave South Africa, the government and its development corporation had the large dollar credit to fall back on. (There was other US aid for the South African economy.) Besides the credit account, Chase and First National City have investment loans of some $23 million in South Africa, some of it going indirectly to arms manufacture, and First National City has four branches in the country.

Last week, the first fruits of the anti-bank campaign were seen. A. Philip Randolph, the old civil rights leader who heads the South African protest committee, announced that deposits of more than $22 million have been withdrawn from the two big banks. Who were the withdrawers remained a mystery. About $300,000 came from small depositors, but a union-management pension fund took out $5 million and a large corporation was reported to have withdrawn upwards of $15 million. The total withdrawals just about equal the two banks' investments in South Africa.

Next week, major Protestant denominations begin annual meetings around the country, and, with a push from the *Christianity and Crisis* people, they will discuss the possibility of large-scale withdrawals from the banks. The Methodists, who are particularly aroused over South Africa, meet in January. No one pretends that the churches can bring the banks, much less the South African government, to their knees, but the banks at least are conscious of their "image" and treat any protest, however small, with some anxiety. One girl who withdrew her small deposit from First National City got a personal letter from Vice President Ward B. Stevenson, arguing against her position and claiming that his bank's "sole purpose was stabilizing the US dollar foreign exchange position of the South African government." Some of First National City's best friends, he said, were black Africans; "We do not endorse the practice of apartheid in any fashion."

Christmas (Ka-Pow!) Again

Escalation on the battlefield has given rise to a marked stepping-up of hostilities on the toy counter. Revell, Inc., a California toy maker, is offering a scale model of the snub-nosed Lockheed Hercules C-130B "Herky Bird" in camouflage colors all set for an errand of crop defoliation ($1). The Aurora Plastics Corp., of New York supplies a replica of the Republic F-105 "Thunderchief" fitted with a napalm pod for 98 cents. Little boys may find under the tree a Louis Marx & Co. "Green Beret Weapons Outfit" worth $4.99 which includes the smart beret and a life-sized M-16 automatic rifle with which to "zap" playmates.

Most ingenious of the new toys are those inspired by the very latest escalation of the war in Vietnam – the introduction of US troops into the marshes and rivers of the Mekong Delta. Wen Mac, the model airplane kit-maker, has come out with a 15-inch plastic "US Army Hover Craft" ($11.95), powered with a miniature gasoline motor, which can hover three-quarters of an inch off the ground, edge its way up and down gradual inclines, pick its way around obstacles, smiting the VC sampans all the while with a brace of .50 calibre machine guns.

Also in this department, Monogram Models of Morton Grove, Ill., provides a replica of the "US Army 'Weasel' Amphibious Personnel and Cargo Carrier" for 98 cents and Marx has in production a 10-inch, battery-operated "Amphibious Military Vehicle" which sells for $1.99 and can chug along over the living room carpet or churn its way across the bathtub on a mission of search and destroy.

So insatiable is the American market for war toys that this year, for the first time, a large number of foreign manufacturers who previously made models only of their national military equipment have turned out playthings based on US hardware now in service in Asia. For example, KO, a Japanese toy maker, is exporting a line of tin, camouflage-colored "USAF Fighter" planes, burdened with a grotesquely large yellow bomb under each wing ($5.98). The eight-inch craft will whine, whir, flash, run around in circles and the tin pilot opens his canopy and waves gallantly. Similar equipment has arrived from Italy, West Germany, France and Hong Kong.

Upsetting to connoisseurs must be the fact that Corgi Toys, the famous British firm long noted for its exquisitely detailed and scrupulously authentic replicas of classic cars, has now prostituted itself with a line of fake American military vehicles. For example, Corgi's nifty little four-inch "Volkswagen Kombi" bus complete with seats, steering wheel, Glidamatic spring suspension and driver has been painted olive drab, em-

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blazoned with American insignia and is being palmed off as a "US Personnel Carrier" for $1.50. The very British blue and cream-colored "Mister Softee Ice Cream Van" which has sliding windows and a beautifully detailed and authentic interior got the same treatment and is being offered as a "US Army Field Kitchen" ($1.75).

The gruesome battlefield is no place for little girls, and so a number of understanding American toy manufacturers have done what they could to ease the ache of that disappointment by creating substitute symbols of aggression for Nancy and Jane. Multiple Toymakers of New York fills the bill with a "Stretch 'Em Wheel" which comes "complete with torturer and victim" for $1. A model of the medieval rack, this "hair-raising, laugh-raising" gadget can be counted on to break the back of the most resilient doll. According to the manufacturer's catalogue, this toy is "a real scream."

Turning to American-Soviet relations, the Selchow & Righter Co. of Bay Shore, N. Y. – well-known as the maker of Parcheesi – has come out with a new board game called "Kommissar, the People's Game" which sells for $2.19 and indoctrinates the players with a Bircheye view of Soviet life and society. A derivation of "Monopoly," the game calls for from two to four players, who range themselves around a board labeled "Red Square." Each is given 300 rubles. Then, in turn, the players cast dice and move their pawns accordingly along a pathway around Red Square.

If a player lands his pawn on either Nishegorodskaia Blvd. or Nazdorovie Ave. he is obliged to play "People's Roulette" – a toss of the dice in which a lucky throw may win a cash prize while an unlucky throw can cause the player to forfeit half of his rubles. Other moves may compel players to draw cards from the "People's Deck" which lead to the possession of "forbidden capitalist items" such as golf clubs, comic books, a surf board, jazz records, Bermuda shorts and a book called "How to Make Money." All forbidden items are supposed to be traded in for a pittance of rubles at the "People's Hock-Shop" as soon as the player lands on that square. However, if one player suspects another of not having traded in all of his "forbidden capitalist items," he is encouraged to challenge his comrade, and if he catches him with a surf board or a comic book the offender is sent to Red Square and heavily fined.

Other punishments are meted out for such heresies as getting "caught reading *Wall Street Journal*" and for getting "caught taking coffee break." The winner of the game according to the instructions, is the first player who lands at the airport with 500 rubles – "which is enough money to take airplane from People's Airport to visit and retire in warmer climate."

William H. Honan

The Show of Student Power

Back to Work in California

Berkeley

At lunch time any day last spring you had to edge your way south from Sather gate toward Telegraph Avenue. On your right a line of card tables advertised causes of every shade from Maoism to darkest reaction. On your left, spectators faced the day's speaker on the steps of Sproul Hall, the arena of 1964's historic sit-in and drag-out. When you reached the Bancroft sidewalk, you had left the University of California campus. There another, smaller crowd heckled an authentic Alabama evangelist, oblivious to the *Muhammed Speaks* salesmen and the "flat-earth" promoter and to the table of the Sexual Freedom League. This sidewalk, the perimeter of sanctuary, was crossed two weeks ago by opposed bands of outriders. On the second anniversary of the free speech disturbances, Berkeley exploded again.

It has been raining here for a month. If the weather prevented the demonstrations from reaching riotous size, it was also, in a sense, their occasion. On Monday, November 28, the Navy had set up a recruiting table inside the student union building. Ordinarily, it would have been outside with the others. By noon on Wednesday, a few pickets had appeared with their signs: "Abolish the Draft," "Fly Navy: Burn Babies." It was then that Corinne Goldstick, a nonstudent, set up an opposing table to enlist conscientious objectors. In so doing, she violated the administration's "time, place and manner" rules. As campus police were carrying away her exhibit, "the table," it was said, "went limp." Crowds gather quickly in a university with an enrollment of 27,000. Students found their exit blocked by those behind them. A former football star turned on one of the boys and, by some accounts, punched him in the mouth. The student may or may not have swung back, but he, and only he, was at once arrested for battery. By this time two student leaders were on the scene. Both said that if Miss Goldstick was a nonstudent, so were the Navy recruiters. The demonstration that followed turned into a "sit-in" when it was seen that further violence could only be avoided that way – by literally sitting down.

At 3:30, the Navy left, to a gleeful chorus of "Anchors Aweigh" followed by "Happy Birthday" to the year-old-son of nonstudent Mario Savio, now and later very much in evidence. Rumors that outside police had been summoned were confirmed at a quarter to six when 30 men from the Alameda County sheriff's office charged up the stairs of the student union building with riot sticks at the ready. At least one student was

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clubbed. A faculty observer was flattened against a plate glass wall, which threatened to give way. Within an hour the police had made 10 arrests and cleared the building. The next morning a student boycott of classes – ineffectual, as it turned out, in this last week before exams – had been declared.

Chancellor Roger Heyns was back East on official business when everything happened, but he had been in constant touch by telephone throughout the day. Vice Chancellor Earl Cheit, a much unloved man, was in charge on Wednesday. His press release, issued to the faculty Friday morning, stated that the Navy was in the student union building – solely administered by the students – by permission of the Associated Students of the University of California. But it was soon learned that the ASUC, though it had not explicitly refused his request, had warned him that the move was unpolitic. The Vice Chancellor also said that the demonstration had been organized by nonstudents, which was untrue. He claimed too that amnesty had been offered and refused on Wednesday. Cheit's subordinate, Dean Arleigh Williams, *had* been in the building and pledged his reputation that no disciplinary action would be taken, but it seemed to the students that Williams was acting on his own. No offer of amnesty by the Vice Chancellor was at that time conveyed, in person or in writing. Cheit said that one "individual" had been arrested on the complaint of another; he didn't say that the one arrested was the one slugged, nor that the police had refused to allow faculty – who might have done something to cool matters – into the building, but had admitted some athletes. One cop was quoted: "I'm having a party, and I'm inviting the football players."

The administration judged itself the target of an anarchist plot to exacerbate hostility between the academic community and the Reagan state government that will be sworn in on January 2. Last month a Soviet diplomat was rudely harassed by students protesting Moscow's "softness" on Vietnam. A "Black Power" conference held here just before the election was widely regarded as a move to embarrass Governor Brown. "Eighteen months of blackmail," as one faculty-administration middleman put it, have demoralized university life. Nonstudent leaders have exploited their immunity to intramural sanctions. Yet their "conspiracy," if such it be, cannot be isolated from the appeal of what they have said on Vietnam, civil rights and poverty in the festering, nearby Oakland ghetto.

In the dusk of Monday, December 5, the technically powerless academic senate filed into Wheeler auditorium to discuss the events of the previous Wednesday, as well as the threat of action by the university regents, who would fly in the next day for an "ad-hoc" conference in a motel near the Oakland airport. Assemblyman Don Mulford and superintendent of schools Max Rafferty had already demanded that all striking faculty be fired. Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh had called for a statewide investigation of "student unrest." Ronald Reagan blamed the crisis on "middle-aged delinquents" – by whom, almost certainly, he did not mean the nonstudents.

The academic senate on that Monday had very much on its mind the need to save the striking teaching assistants, whose local of the American Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO) had voted Thursday to go out in sympathy with the student boycott. The state legislature in 1965 had eviscerated budget provisions for teacher assistant salaries, as punishment for the part they had played in the Free Speech Movement. Now they might be fired. Yet these are the prize graduate students, treasured as younger, livelier colleagues.

One will never know how many older faculty, the heroes of 1964, were simply bone-weary of "confrontation politics." The faculty voted for a student amnesty through December 5. They called for an end to the boycott and the strike. They urged that a new faculty-student commission be established "to consider the modes of governance and self-regulation appropriate to a modern American university community." They delicately pointed out the irrelevance of police violence to the life of the mind. And nearly unanimously, they affirmed confidence, which a great many did not feel, in Chancellor Heyns. The 10 students and nonstudents arrested Wednesday were left to the due process of the Alameda County courts.

As of this writing, most of the striking teaching assistants are back in class, the student boycott has little life left in it, the regents have expressed confidence in the chancellor and warned everyone to get on with their jobs.

James Rieger

Something New in Britain

London

When a new student arrives at the London School of Economics he is directed to the registration office, and there he signs a white slip of paper which reads in part: ". . . no student shall, without the permission of the director, use the name or address of the school, or the title of any body [including] the name of the school, when sending any letter or other communication to the press. . . ." This regulation took on a sudden significance after October 24, when the Students' Union wanted to send a letter to the *London Times* concerning the appointment of Dr. Walter Adams as the next director of the school. The present director, Sir Sydney Caine, refused his permission. On October 28, 400 of

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the school's 3,000 students met in the Old Theatre to condemn the director's ruling (by a vote of 306-23) and to instruct the union's president, David Adelstein, to defy the director by writing to the *Times*.

Adelstein's letter was published the following day. In a restrained but firm tone, he asserted the students' right to question the appointment, and urged that Dr. Adams' record as an administrator be examined more closely. "It is difficult to understand," he wrote, "how one can avoid discussing a man's record as an administrator in one college when he is being considered for the post as director in another." But the attempt at understanding had become, in the previous two weeks, a test of power between two different conceptions. The administration held that the students had no "constitutional capacity" to express an opinion on matters which did not directly concern them; certainly not on the qualifications and personal views of a duly designated director. The students thought that they had a right to express opinions on all decisions which significantly affected their life at the school.

The controversy in London reflected a more serious academic crisis which had been developing in Rhodesia during the past year. In Salisbury, Dr. Walter Adams, principal of the British-supported university college, was obliged to support the principles of multiracialism (including integration of the college) and academic freedom. At the same time, he had to defend the existence of the college against the pressures of a white-supremacist Smith government increasingly obsessed with "state security," a student body badly split between pro-Smith whites and angry Africans, and a college council (the supreme college authority) dominated by pro-Smith white Rhodesians. Newspaper reports and leading academics gave the impression that Dr. Adams had maneuvered skillfully to keep the college open while refusing to compromise on basic points of principle.

But a pamphlet published by a small group of LSE students in London strongly attacked this impression of Dr. Adams' conduct in Rhodesia. It argued that Adams' "silence and feeble attempts to try to keep the college open and running 'normally' at all costs, in a situation that has drastically altered, have only made it easier for Smith to suffocate opposition and African freedom." Within four days, the mimeographed "Adams pamphlet" had gone through two editions and sold over 1,000 copies, and on October 21 more than 600 students crowded into the Old Theatre to debate a Students' Union motion to condemn the appointment. There was, according to the "Adams pamphlet," an informal agreement whereby the college cleared names of prospective lecturers with the Rhodesian police. Dr. Adams, it was said, had failed to listen to the grievances of the African students and had associated himself with government orders aimed at repressing political activity. Most of the several hundred students present seemed convinced that Dr. Adams should not be the director of the London School of Economics. Nevertheless, the Students' Union rejected a motion to condemn the appointment outright, and voted instead (425 to 10) to ask Dr. Adams to reply to the criticisms.

At this point what the students call "the LSE Establishment" began to make its formal, measured and tremendously powerful reply. On October 25, the Standing Committee of the Court of Governors (the highest authority of the London School) decided to advise Dr. Adams not to reply to the Students' Union. The following day a letter from Lord Bridges, chairman of the Court of Governors, appeared in the *London Times*. Lord Bridges expressed his indignation at "the recent deliberate campaign against the character of [Dr. Adams]" and stated that it was "neither necessary nor indeed proper that any reply be made by LSE." David Adelstein wished to reply to Lord Bridges' letter; the director refused his authorization, on the grounds that the Students' Union had no right to express an opinion on any aspect of the selection of a director. The students responded by calling for student participation on committees concerned with curriculum and teaching. On October 28, acting upon Union instructions, David Adelstein defied the director's ruling and sent his letter to the *Times*.

To the LSE administration, this tumult appeared unreasonable, tasteless and illegitimate. Adelstein was told that he would be summoned before a board of discipline for a "serious breach" of the rules. Adelstein then asked that Sir Sydney Caine, as an interested party (he had already expressed himself publicly on the case in the *Guardian*) should step down from the board; also that he be allowed legal counsel, the right to cross-examination and a record of the proceedings. All of Adelstein's conditions were rejected, on the grounds that the hearing "was not a court of law."

On the day Adelstein was due to appear before the board, a thousand picketing students filled the street in front of the London School of Economics. At 11 a.m., amid great cheers, it was announced that the board had agreed to Adelstein's conditions. At 5 p.m. the verdict appeared: Adelstein was guilty of breaking the regulations, but would not be punished.

The crisis at LSE has been taken as a possible indicator for many other British universities. The *London Times* and the *Guardian*, the Sunday newspapers and the weekly magazines, reported the events and analyzed them as part of the general ferment in British higher education. The LSE Union motions marked the first large-scale demand for a student voice in shaping Britain's educational future.

RAND ROSENBLATT

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In Johnson Land

Austin

The slab-sided Lyndon Baines Johnson Library is the latest of the many monuments to President Johnson to take shape in the Texas hill country that he calls his own. The LBJ brand already is stamped across the whole region, from Austin, 60 miles west along Route 290 through Johnson City to his ranch home, and north from there another 25 miles to Kingsland on the shore of Lake Lyndon B. Johnson, where the President is a silent partner in a real-estate venture.

Some of the marks of the President are almost literally his brand. A sign on Route 290, and another 25 miles away on Route 71, show a red-and-white cow and say, "LBJ Ranch – Registered Herefords." He has, as a rough guess, about 100 cattle, which he sells for breeding purposes. Last week, the President was present at the auction of one of his prize bulls ("LBJ Colorado Husker") for the top price of $1,700.

In some cases, the President's name is being used by others for tawdry commercial purposes. There is an LBJ motel near the lake. Souvenir shops at Kingsland and Johnson City advertise themselves as information bureaus and sell ashtrays, salt-and-pepper shakers, plates, charms and tie tacs decorated with his face, name or initials. Rocks from the ranch are also sold as souvenirs for 25 cents apiece. The proprietor of a shop in Johnson City has taught a mynah bird to say, "LBJ'll get ya."

Mr. Johnson himself is helping build Johnson monuments across his part of Texas. His purpose may be partly to offset the back-biting and rumor-mongering that surrounds any prominent man in his home country and seems especially to surround President Johnson. A lawyer keeps a picture of Mr. Johnson as a young congressman hanging on his wall but nonetheless sneers at the President's humble beginnings – "I knew Lyndon when he hunted rabbits on the halves with a borrowed dog."

The President started plans moving last year for the library to be named for him. He offered his papers and other historical materials to the University of Texas in Austin and has been kept posted on the design unveiled by the university this month. The university will build the austere, eight-story windowless library as part of a $10,750,000 complex on a new 19-acre extension of the campus. On completion, the library will be turned over to the National Archives for operation and maintenance.

The boyhood home has brought at least 100,000 tourists to Johnson City, a town of 611 inhabitants, since it was restored, furnished with antiques and opened to visitors 18 months ago. In the next block, a plaque on the wall of the modern stone office building of the Pedernales Electric Cooperative describes it as "a product of the faith, ability and foresight of Lyndon Baines Johnson, President of the United States of America, while Congressman for the 10th district, 1938."

Another new Johnson landmark is the Johnson City Park, a grassy square on Main Street, developed as part of Mrs. Johnson's beautification project. The adjoining Johnson City Bank, where the President and his friend and business associate, A. W. Moursund, have offices, contributed the land. Time, Inc. contributed $10,000 for development in lieu of payment to Mrs. Johnson for articles she had written. Development consisted of sodding the area, putting in a flagstone walk, building a low stone wall along two sides, and installing three benches, a picnic table, two decorative trash cans like those President John F. Kennedy ordered for parks and squares in Washington, and a stainless steel refrigerated drinking fountain.

One problem with the park was that nobody used it much. The word had got around Johnson City that it was intended as a resting place for tourists. To stimulate more local use, Mrs. Johnson called together 18 women of Johnson City last month. They talked of attracting town children by taking up part of the sod to provide a bare spot for playing marbles or possibly paving part of the area for a skating rink. One tangible result was the appearance of a new box of dominoes on the picnic table. Another will be a town bake sale and bazaar in the park this winter.

People of Johnson City understand that the President has bought land for a second park, a pecan orchard on the edge of the city. They hear that a new gravel road and rail fence are part of a development that will include converting an old stone fort into some sort of presidential museum. A deed on file in the Blanco County courthouse says only that Ohlen Cox, a garage operator, sold the property to "A. W. Moursund, trustee," for $10 and other good and valuable consideration. The President gave Moursund irrevocable power of attorney to manage his ranching operations a week after assuming office in 1963.

Mystery and controversy still surround a third park project, to be known as LBJ Park, a 244-acre tract being assembled next to the LBJ ranch. Unidentified contributors are providing funds for purchase of the private land, which eventually is to be turned over to the state for a public park. A state senator, Jim Bates

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of Edinburg, has charged that the State Parks and Wildlife Commission, of which Moursund is a member, was employing "unethical or immoral" pressures to obtain contributions. He demanded that the commissioners return the money and resign their offices. One landowner has protested that his property next to the LBJ ranch was being condemned at too low a price.

Lake Lyndon B. Johnson got its new name early last year, but some of the people with vacation homes on its shores continue to call it Granite Shoals Lake. One of the President's neighbors, across the lake from his summer house, says, "Just between us, I think it was a little bit premature. They should have waited until he died." Competing subdividers consider the name change no more than a real-estate promotion.

Mr. Johnson's venture is a substantial interest in two lake-front tracts, Comanche Rancerias and Comanche Ranchettes. Television commercials on the President's family station in Austin billed them as "prestige locations" and salesmen held out the prospect of living near the President and watching him roar past in one of his speedboats.

Among the purchasers is Arthur Krim, president of United Artists and chairman of the finance committee of the Democratic National Committee. Krim also was chairman of the President's Club in New York, comprising contributors of $1,000 to the party. Records in the Llano County courthouse show that Krim paid $4,250 in cash December 10, 1965, for Lot 19, Comanche Ranchettes, and another $8,797.50 the following January 20 for Lots 20, 21 and 22. Krim's house is the first to go up on either tract. It is a $70,000 stone bungalow a half mile from the lake, out by itself in the woods.

Lyndon Johnson's name does not appear directly. Krim bought his lots from the Comanche Cattle Corp., "acting by and through A. W. Moursund, its president." The two tracts are part of the old Haywood and Nicholson ranches, acquired by Johnson and Moursund when Mr. Johnson was Vice President.

Miss Lulu Haywood had owned her ranch for many years and had willed it to Texas Christian University, Fort Worth. The university wanted to turn the bequest into money and offered it for $550,000. No one seemed interested until Mr. Johnson, in 1961, heard about the land and drove around for a look at it, drinking diet food from a can, so one of his neighbors recalls. Moursund and the LBJ Co., then the corporate name of the Johnson family television and radio station in Austin, bought the 4,550 acres June 8, 1961 from the university. They paid $200,000 in cash and gave a 5 percent note due June 8, 1971, for an additional $300,000. The LBJ Co. later conveyed its half interest to Mr. Johnson. On March 1, 1965, Johnson and Moursund sold 61.3 acres of the land to the Comanche Cattle Corp. for $250,000, of which $5,000 was payable the following September 1 and $245,000 was payable June 8, 1971, at 5 percent interest.

State records show that Moursund had incorporated Comanche Cattle shortly before it bought the tract, with himself, his law partner and his secretary as the original trustees.

Comanche Cattle subdivided the tract and began selling 60-by-200-foot lots for prices up to $6,000 for those with lake frontage. Comanche Rancherias, as the subdivision is called, had sold 48 of its 205 lots by September 1965. Since then, six more have been sold, but not one house has been built.

The LBJ Co. acquired the Nicholson ranch through Donald S. Thomas, a partner of Edward Clark, the Austin lawyer whom Mr. Johnson later appointed ambassador to Australia. Thomas bought the 2,785 acres from Danny T. Nicholson, March 7, 1963 and sold the land August 11, 1963 to the LBJ Co. for "$10 and other valuable consideration." Johnson and Moursund, having acquired at least part of the ranch, sold 181 acres to the Comanche Cattle Corp. on March 1, 1965 to be subdivided as Comanche Ranchettes. They were paid $78,661.56, of which $2,000 was payable the following September 1 and the rest on June 8, 1971 at 5 percent interest.

Some of President Johnson's neighbors on Lake Lyndon B. Johnson attributed lagging sales of the Comanche lots to unpopularity of the President. Others believe that potential buyers are waiting for the state of Texas to build a bridge across the lake, connecting the Comanche tracts with Kingsland. The bridge has been authorized, and completion is scheduled for 1968. At the real-estate office of O. E. Ainsworth in Kingsland, secretary of the Comanche Cattle Corp. and agent for the real-estate venture, a salesman assured prospects that the Rancherias lots would go up in value 20 or 25 percent as soon as the bridge was finished. They will also benefit from a project by the Highland Lakes Recreational Association, which plans to seek a federal loan to establish a 36-hole golf course, horse stable, marina, miniature golf course and skeet-shooting area near Kingsland.

Meanwhile, a salesman's office at Comanche Rancherias, next to the President's lakeside house, stands unused until business picks up. A sign calls it the "Comanche Trading Post." Bleached cattle skulls decorate the front yard, and signs on the front say, "Peaberry coffee, sowbelly, flour, snuff," "If you got wampum we take green stamps," "We trade wampum for beaver pelts," and "Apply injun agent for Social Security."

RICHARD DUDMAN

MR. DUDMAN, *a reporter for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, is the author of* Men of the Far Right.

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Admen in Orbit

by David Sanford

Anyone who reads the ads knows all about the astronauts. The typical space hero wears an Omega ("the watch that orbited in outer space"), brushes his teeth with a Py-co-pay ("the toothbrush selected by NASA for use in the Gemini space flights"), washes up with PHisoHex, and drinks ersatz orange juice ("Tang has been aboard every space flight since Gemini IV"). He takes pictures with a Hasselblad on Kodak film. We don't yet know the "deodorant of the astronauts" only, it would seem, because no one has devised a product that can keep a man smelling fresh for 14 days in a Gemini capsule. That is one of the few commercial products which has not been tied in some way to the space program.

Astronauts have outdistanced baseball players as choice advertising symbols. When John Glenn retired he took a job with Royal Crown Cola – a company that has tie-in ads. Col. John "Shorty" Powers found a home doing commercials for Oldsmobile when he was canned as "the voice of Mercury control."

This is big business; ask any of the 20,000 firms that are NASA suppliers. Even companies with no connection with NASA or the space effort try to cash in on the glamour. At the time of the Glenn orbital flight in 1962, Abraham & Straus, the Brooklyn retailer, published an ad showing a little boy kneeling by his bed: ". . . and thanks for Colonel Glenn too." Rambler ran a picture of a man sitting in his roomy car, with the caption "Man in Space." More recently AMSCO advertised that its toy rocket separates in flight "just like the Saturn V." A creative adman for Adler shoes thought up "walk weightless." General Mills has been marketing a new cereal called "Jets" which the company would like to tie in to future space exploits (pictures of US space achievements on cereal boxes).

I first became interested in NASA and the advertisers when a doctor sent me a copy of an ad placed in several medical and pharmaceutical publications by Hoechst Pharmaceuticals Inc. It was a 10-page color spread for Lasix (furosemide), a diuretic drug used in the treatment of edema (excess body fluids). Six pages of the ad, interspersed with advertising text, were full-color photographs of Major Ed White's 1965 space walk. The ad made no mention of the space program except in a picture credit: "Space photographs courtesy of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration." But the impression left was that Lasix was either used in the space program or was a medical advance comparable to the impressive space walk of Major White.

On November 22, the Food and Drug Administration seized 10 bottles of Lasix because of alleged misrepresentations in the ad. The FDA said that it was not concerned with the safety and effectiveness of Lasix, when used according to approved label instructions, but rather that the ad did not show fairly the "effectiveness of the drug in conditions for which it is recommended" or prominently warn of its hazards. FDA's seizure was unrelated to the use of space photos, but FDA officials were nevertheless concerned about the misleading character of the promotion. Theodore Cron, acting Assistant Commissioner of FDA, told a group of advertisers the Hoechst ad was "very dramatic for a diuretic, but . . . somewhat misleading since the manufacturer is actually not interested primarily in the astronaut market." Senator Philip A. Hart (D, Mich.) extracted from NASA Assistant Administrator Richard L. Callaghan an admission that Hoechst had had NASA's blessing: "Our investigation . . . reveals that permission was indeed given by a NASA representative contrary to our policy. The individual who handled this request was in error. We have taken steps to see that this kind of mistake is not repeated." Hoechst agreed to stop the offensive ad campaign.

Advertising is a boon and a nuisance to NASA. When advertisers do them the courtesy of asking permission to exploit the program, the agency has to decide what is a permissible use and what is not. All NASA photographs, of which there are thousands available, bear a stamp warning that they are "released for noncommercial, noncopyrightable public information use. Written permission must be received from NASA if [they are] used in advertising, posters, books, etc., and layout must be submitted to NASA for approval prior to release." Since space photos are in the public domain and are available to interested individuals at "cost" from NASA and the wire services, the warning has little force. Advertising costs may not be billed to NASA contracts, and contractors are asked to submit advertising copy for a check on technical accuracy. NASA has a written policy dating to 1962 forbidding astronauts' endorsements of commercial products – direct or implied. (When Lucky Strike wanted to publish a photograph of Colonel Glenn's blast-off, NASA asked them to disguise the rocket so

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it would not appear to be an Atlas and the nose cone so it would not be identifiable as a Mercury capsule.)

NASA goes through the motions of receiving requests for permission and passing on them as if it had the authority to bar unauthorized uses. Julian Scheer, Assistant Administrator for Public Affairs, is worried about advertising and NASA's image. "My concern," he says, "is with whether an ad reflects accurately what is going on and is in good taste." For example, an institutional ad for Boeing saying that the company built Lunar Orbiter is OK because its claim is true. The ad accurately states the company's participation, enhances its institutional prestige and gives NASA a welcome boost. If selling a commercial product is involved, the agency is less enthusiastic. If there is no true relationship, if the ad merely tries to create an atmosphere of association, NASA tries to be discouraging. It always refuses requests to do location filming at Cape Kennedy. When SAAB, the Swedish automobile, asked NASA if it would be all right to quote a NASA official's appraisal of a braking system used in the car, it approved. When Adler shoes sought to publish space walk photos for its "walk weightless" promotion, NASA refused.

Last September, General Foods asked permission to shoot a TV commercial at Cape Kennedy for its orange-like breakfast drink, Tang. A General Foods official and a representative of the firm's ad agency had been given a tour of the Cape and got the idea for a commercial with two child models [see box] entitled "Kids at Cape Kennedy." "Naturally," he wrote a NASA official, "we would schedule any visit so as not to conflict with NASA operations at the sites." NASA turned Tang down but offered some launch footage and other material for use by General Foods.

The Block Drug Company wrote NASA last April of its plans to run a $99,999 Sweepstakes for which the first prize would be an expense-paid trip for a family of six to Cape Kennedy, $7,500 in cash and "front-row seats" at a Gemini launching. The proposed ad stated that "NASA selected Py-co-pay to make the toothbrushes used in the Gemini Space flights." "The purpose of the sweepstakes," a Block official wrote NASA, "is to encourage better oral hygiene – particularly among US youth. The astronauts are the 'Jack Armstrongs' of today. We hope that by making youth aware of the importance of dental health for astronauts, they will also give it increased importance. . . . Through our dental contacts we will stress this aspect of the promotion. (Naturally we hope to get a fair share of the increased toothbrush business, too. This is only natural.)" The Py-co-pay ads ran in the August 5 *Life* and the August *Reader's Digest*. NASA officials were somewhat embarrassed since the ads implied NASA endorsement, which was not the case. NASA had purchased a quantity of Py-co-pay toothbrushes *but never used them*. The astronauts, it seems, chew a special gum to clean their teeth. In an August 12 interoffice memo a NASA man wrote, "I can find no correspondence to Py-co-pay or its representatives on the subject of the . . . promotion. However, Py-co-pay was told repeatedly that NASA would not approve, and, in fact, objected to such a promotion. Py-co-pay toothbrushes have been carried in Gemini spacecraft but were never used. We advised Py-co-pay to restrict its advertisements to the fact that the toothbrushes were carried in the spacecraft. We also objected to any Py-co-pay advertisement or promotion that indicated or gave the impression that a prize trip to Cape Kennedy included access to NASA sites for viewing of a launch."

NASA receives a "good number" of letters protesting such advertising and from people who wonder if

"Kids at Cape Kennedy"

(Open on long shot of Cape Kennedy control room. Dissolve to interior. Boy and girl enter. Close-up kids. Dissolve to panel. Dissolve to kids sitting at control console.) If you could walk around the space flight center at Cape Kennedy *(Dissolve to close-up TV screen on console.)*, you'd see so much you just couldn't believe. *(Move in to close-up TV screen with picture of rocket gantry complex.)* The actual launch control room *(Dissolve to real rocket and launch pad.)*, the huge Saturn rockets on their launch pads. *(Long shot of kids on launch pad. Dissolve to kids looking at rocket. Dissolve to overhead shot of kids and rocket.)* You might even *(Medium close-up of kids getting on elevator.)* ride up to one of *(Dissolve to elevator rising.)* the actual *(Dissolve to rising elevator on gantry.)* space capsules *(Dissolve to kids at door of capsule.)* used by our astronauts in Gemini flights. *(Boy opens hatch. Dissolve or cut to boy looking into capsule. Dissolve to boy and girl getting into capsule. Boy reaches for food.)* You'd very likely discover *(Takes food from locker.)* Tang. *(Takes out pouch of Tang.)* The same Tang you can drink at home. *(Girl and boy look at pouch.)* Tang has been aboard every space flight since Gemini IV. *(Dissolve to squirt gun into pouch.)* It's the drink with more vitamin C than orange juice *(Boy's hand kneads pouch.)* or any soft drink. *(Boy drinks Tang from pouch.)* And with that great orange flavor you'll really like *(Boy and girl drinking.)* Tang. The astronauts get it in a Zero G pouch. *(Dissolve to glass on Tang jar.)* In the store *(Pull back to medium close-up of jar and label.)* it comes in a jar.

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NASA pays for the ads. Some letters come from companies who feel they have been put at a competitive disadvantage. The vice president of Longines-Wittnauer watch company, Leonard B. Sadow, wrote NASA recently complaining of an ad for Omega watches which had appeared in *The New York Times* last June. He wondered why Longines-Wittnauer had not been invited to submit a watch for possible use by the astronauts and whether NASA permits "trumped-up and puffed-up claims that ride on the reputation of NASA." NASA replied that 10 watch companies were asked to supply watches. Four of them (Hamilton, Rolex, Omega *and* Longines-Wittnauer) had replied. Of these Hamilton's was not a wristwatch as required. This left three. During the temperature, humidity and pressure tests to which the remaining watches were subjected, the crystal on the Longines-Wittnauer watch popped out. It was replaced and popped out again. NASA chose Omega. Its advertising claims, NASA concluded, were warranted.

TRUTH & POWER

A Rejoinder to Hans J. Morgenthau

by Melvin I. Urofsky

Professor Hans J. Morgenthau (*NR*, November 26, 1966) entered a long and serious indictment against the academic community, for selling out to the administration, and against Lyndon B. Johnson, for corrupting the country's intellectuals. In short, he charged that American intellectuals have abandoned their traditional and independent roles of seekers after truth alone, and have prostituted their principles for the sake of (temporarily) enjoying the fruits of power. The President, in turn, has seduced the academics by tempting them with influence, prestige, and above all, government grants; where these have failed, he has applied equally potent pressures to silence or discredit them. "The intellectuals of America," he sums up, "have indeed been raped; but many of them have looked forward to the experience and are enjoying it."

Professor Morgenthau's accusations would be disturbing were it not for the many inconsistencies in his argument, as well as the debatability of several of his assumptions. Chief among these is his posing of truth and power as two opposite, and extreme, forces. He notes that the two are often intertwined, yet even in their proximity must always remain antagonistic. The search for the truth, which is, according to the writer, the only legitimate function of an intellectual, must be oblivious to power; the politician, on the other hand, "at best will use truth as a means to his end," which is, of course, power. Each threatens the other, one by deception, and the other by unmasking that deceit.

Are these narrow strictures the only definitions available to us? The view of power as, by nature, deceptive smacks too much of the conspiratorial interpretation of history. Never accept anything at its face value, because the surface is only a cover-up for some deeper – and darker – force; does a politician say something is thus and so, then it will surely be anything but that. That power can, and often does, assume deceptive guises I do not deny; that this is always the case I maintain is a perversion of history. And what happens to Morgenthau's argument if one suggests that rather than "the truth," there are "truths." Would it not be more accurate to define the task of the intellectual as the search for alternatives, and the means of evaluating these choices, so as to make the best possible election?

If, as I have suggested, Professor Morgenthau takes a conspiratorial view of politics and power, he certainly leaves no doubt who his villain is. Lyndon Johnson, being a master politician, has therefore got to be the enemy incarnate of the academic community. I have no quarrel with the professor's analysis of Johnson's confusing of consensus and the consent of the governed, by which the President equates dissent with disloyalty; if anything, I would only add my support to the charge. (I do, however, disagree with his analysis that Johnson's sole aim in life, because of his political nature, and only because of it, is the attainment of more and more power.) But the accuser here is as guilty of as serious, if not as dangerous, a confusion. By op-

Melvin I. Urofsky *is in the Department of History at The Ohio State University.*

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posing truth and power, he equates service to the administration by an intellectual to the betrayal by that person of his fellow academics. Both Professor Morgenthau and President Johnson seem to believe that "if you're not with me, then you must be against me, and on everything."

Take, for example, the four alternate reactions that the professor allows to the intellectual: retreat into the ivory tower; prophetic confrontation, *i.e.*, opposition; expert advice; and surrender. Dismissing the first and last for a moment, let us examine the other two. Morgenthau undoubtedly approves of opposition, and for good reasons. In this he follows the traditional view that one function, although he implies it should be the only one, of the intellectual is the questioning of the status quo, which is supported by, and in turn justifies, power. Should the criticism be accepted, then the seeker must look for more of what John F. Kennedy called "the unfinished public business of the nation." (It is interesting to note that Kennedy ascribed this function, not to the academics alone, but to the presidency; is it therefore possible, at least in some instances, for power and truth to operate harmoniously, and in the same individual?) Here, as a teacher, I would certainly agree, and sincerely believe that one of my tasks is to point out to my students what is wrong (*and* what is right) about contemporary society.

The Intellectual's Function

But is Mr. Morgenthau realistic when he implies that such criticism exists in a vacuum? "What he [the intellectual] has to say about politics may have political consequences," he writes, "which he may welcome or deplore, as the case may be. But these consequences are a mere by-product, *hoped but not worked for*, of his search for the truth." (My italics.) How many of us can assume such a Socratic objectivity and nonchalance? We do more than just "hope" for results when we discover error. No better example of this can be found than Hans Morgenthau himself. In his opposition to the current American involvement in Vietnam, he has gone far beyond the merely academic; his continued efforts to effect a reversal of present policy indicate that he does, indeed, "work" for political ends.

The most important elective of the intellectual is expert advice. The academic may enter government as a participant, and in so doing, Professor Morgenthau declares, he "does not question the purpose and processes of government but accepts as given the framework within which the government operates. He tells the powers-that-be what they need to know in order to achieve a particular result. . . . Given a certain objective, of which he may or may not approve, he gives advice as to how to achieve it." In short, he sacrifices any moral judgment, but is still, according to the writer, essentially at the service of truth, even though he puts it at the disposal of power. From here it is but a short step to becoming an agent of the politicians, and using his prestige as an intellectual to fulfill their ends. He ceases to be an intellectual, and becomes an ideologue, and at this point Dr. Morgenthau hurls his charge of treason. The fallacies in this argument result from an overly narrow definition of "intellectual," and a rather distorted view of policy-making.

According to Professor Morgenthau, I gather, an intellectual is one who can never be concerned with power because of his dedication to truth. It follows then that no intellectual can be a politician, and no politician can be an intellectual. The presence in the White House of such men as Thomas Jefferson, the Adamses, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and John Kennedy; the service on behalf of their country in positions of power of (to mention just contemporaries) William Fulbright, Paul Douglas, John Kenneth Galbraith, McGeorge Bundy, John Gardner and the late Adlai Stevenson, should point out the obvious weaknesses of the argument. Intellectuals are men who view the use of their intelligence as the major means of coping with and understanding the world and its problems. Not all intellectuals are buried in the groves of academe, nor are all university faculty intellectuals.

As to the policy-making described by Mr. Morgenthau, it would appear that the "pols" make the decisions, and then call in the expert academics to justify and to implement them. It would be more realistic to recognize that intellectuals in the service of the government are frequently involved in the original making of decisions as well as their implementation. If he disagrees with decisions reached, the intellectual can always maintain his integrity by resigning, as many have. But under the American form of government, it would be naïve to assume that any one person, even the President, will agree with every decision.

I am very much disturbed, however, by Professor Morgenthau's entire attitude toward the service of intellectuals in government. In accepting the "processes of government" and "the framework within which that government operates," the intellectual is portrayed as committing some sort of hypocritical and shameful deed. This is, after all, our government as citizens as well as intellectuals; why then should we be ashamed of contributing our talents when needed? Granted corruption of purpose and hypocrisy of acts can occur; but, as I am sure the professor is well aware, this can take place in the university as well as in the government. The real treason of the intellectuals, it would seem to me, would be to retreat to the ivory tower because of fear of corruption. In such a case, power, left unaided as well as uncontested by truth, would cer-

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tainly tend, in Lord Acton's phrase, to corruption.

Many of the despicable deeds attributed to the Johnson administration may have occurred, but Professor Morgenthau fails to substantiate his charges. Aside from lambasting John Roche, he declares that the granting and withholding of governmental awards and contracts has silenced the community. This, according to the author, explains the lamentable paucity of political scientists who have spoken out against our Vietnamese policy. At no time does he admit the possibility that an intellectual might support the war in Asia. There are many academics I know who would dearly like to see the United States disengage its forces, yet cannot accept the simplistic solutions set forth by critics such as Morgenthau or Edmond Clubb. Perhaps political scientists have remained silent, not because of coercion, but because they view the uses and necessities of power differently. When the critics of American foreign policy come up with a realistic and workable solution of the problem, then perhaps more political scientists will speak out.

As to the corrupting influence of government grants and contracts, if we follow the author's reasoning, we might well come up with the following improbable, yet by his logic reasonable, conundrum. Two scholars apply for federal support of a project. One is on record as bitterly opposed to the war in Vietnam; the other is equally known for his support of the administration policies. If the grant is not awarded, do we interpret this as "punishment" for the critic, and, if it is given, is this a "reward" for the supporter? Under Mr. Morgenthau's reasoning, it would have to be one or the other, since there is no room allowed for judgment of the scholarly merits of the proposal, or the academic credentials of the sponsors.

Professor Morgenthau's complaint, in essence, is that he opposes the war in Asia, and the administration opposes him; he obviously has not been silenced. Since he is under attack, all intellectuals should rally in his defense. Well, we do, insofar as his rights and freedoms of speech and thought are concerned. We may defend his right to criticize, but does this mean we have to agree with him? I for one resent his accusation that my lack of support for his position implies that I have sold out to the administration. There is more than just one truth, and not all of its varieties need be in conflict with power. Much of what Mr. Morgenthau writes is worth further examination, but his one issue, antinomian explanation of the rift between Johnson and the intellectuals falls far wide of the mark.

Desegregated Housing

Who Pays for the Reformers' Ideal?

by Frances Fox Piven and Richard A. Cloward

Despite the huge congressional majorities enjoyed by President Johnson in the 89th Congress, not much was done for the slums of our cities. Some promising legislation was enacted: the Housing Act of 1965, the rent supplement bill, the demonstration cities bill. But in each case the issue of racial integration endangered the passage of bills, then emasculated them by the meagerness of appropriations. And now, with the 90th Congress, we have probably lost the small margins by which most of the housing legislation survived. Indeed, we may forfeit the small gains already made. It is time, therefore, to reexamine the relation, if any, between racial dispersion and decent housing for the slum poor.

Patterns of ethnic and racial separation in urban settlement are age old, but improving slum housing has nevertheless recently come to be associated with the goal of racial desegregation. Restricted housing is regarded by reformers as the key factor in creating and maintaining racial barriers, and in turn racial barriers are said to force Negroes into the deteriorated slum; therefore, it is felt that desegregation should be a central objective of housing and redevelopment programs for the poor. But since there is, at best, little public support for low-income housing programs, and

FRANCES FOX PIVEN *and* RICHARD A. CLOWARD *are on the faculty of the Columbia University School of Social Work.*

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this tenuous support has been overwhelmed by fierce opposition to residential integration, the struggle for residential integration has cost the poor, especially the Negro poor, dearly.

In effect, the desperate need for better housing and facilities in the ghetto has been and continues to be sacrificed to the goal of residential integration – a goal which, given the political realities of racial conflict in urban areas, can only be said to be receding from view. And as this goal recedes, so too does decent low-income housing.

Consider the magnitude of our failure both to provide low-income housing *and* to desegregate ghettoes. Despite the Housing Act of 1949, in which Congress asserted a national responsibility to provide a decent dwelling for every family, the lack of good housing for the poor in our big cities has grown. In the three decades since the federal public-housing program was initiated, only 600,000 low-income dwelling units have been built. In less than half that time, the federal urban-renewal program and the federal highway program have together demolished close to 700,000 units, most of them low rental. Private builders, spurred on by federal tax incentives and mortgage programs, have made further inroads on the supply of low-income housing by reclaiming slum land to erect middle- and upper-income units. As a result, the dislocated poor are crowded into residual ghetto areas and deterioration accelerates. Mayor Lindsay's Housing and Urban Renewal Task Force recently reported that between 1960 and 1965 alone, the number of unsound units in the city rose from 420,000 to 525,000. During the same period, the stock of low-rental units decreased by 260,000, or almost one-third. Similar if somewhat less startling figures can be cited for other cities.

Not only has the supply of low-income units diminished, but segregation has increased! Nor is there any reason to believe that this trend will abate. For one thing, differential birthrates reinforce existing patterns of segregation, concentrating larger and larger numbers of Negroes wherever they live. Between 1950 and 1960, for example, the nonwhite population of the nation increased by 26.7 percent and the white population by only 17.5 percent. For this reason, as well as because of the relatively higher rate of movement of nonwhites from rural areas, the Negro population in urban areas is growing more rapidly than the white. During the decade which ended in 1960, the nonwhite population in American cities increased by half, urban whites by one-fourth.

As the urban Negro population rises, segregation is intensified. The most dramatic separation by color *within* the urban area has taken place between the central city and suburban ring. Between 1950 and 1960, the nonwhite population in the central cities *swelled by 63 percent*, while the number of whites continued to decline. Central cities now contain less than half the urban white population, but 80 percent of urban nonwhites. One-third of urban Negroes are in the nation's 10 largest central cities. Within a decade or two, Negroes will probably constitute a majority in a dozen or more of our largest cities. (The nation's capital is already 63 percent Negro.)

What Would Integration Require?

In view of these trends, the task of maintaining racial balance in the city seems insuperable; to offset them, huge numbers of families would have to be shuffled about by desegregation programs. This point was spelled out last spring by George Schermer at a "national housing workshop" sponsored by the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing. Schermer estimated the numbers of people who would have to be moved each year in order to insure a 50-50 population balance in Washington, D.C. in the year 2000. Assuming that migration trends and birthrates remain constant, 12,000 nonwhite families would have to be dispersed to suburban areas and 4,000 white families induced to return to the District *every year until 2000*.

Even if whites could be induced back to the city and Negroes accommodated in the suburbs, residential integration would not result. For within the central city itself, residential concentration by color is on the upswing. In 1910, for example, 60 percent of New York City's Negroes lived in assembly districts which were less than five percent Negro; by 1960, 62 percent were in districts over half Negro. In Southern cities, which traditionally have tended toward more dispersed patterns of settlement (with Negro servants and artisans living near those they serve), ghettoes are being formed by the concentration of growing Negro populations.

Again, assuming that present trends persist, Schermer estimates that to achieve integration neighborhood-by-neighborhood in Philadelphia by the end of the century, 6,000 Negro families would have to go to the suburbs and 3,000 whites settle *exclusively in ghetto areas* each year. The numbers, of course, would be infinitely greater in cities like New York and Chicago, which have much larger aggregations of Negroes. Little wonder that the staff of the New York City Department of City Planning concluded in an unpublished report last year that even if all current housing and planning programs were directed to the goal of desegregation, the city could at best only halt the spread of ghettoization, not reverse it.

Our experience with a variety of approaches to desegregating housing has not been in the least en-

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couraging. The most popular approach is legal reforms, coupled with information and education programs. Legislation is sought which prohibits prejudicial treatment of Negroes, whether by deed restrictions, by discriminatory actions of private realtors or landlords, or by governmental policies themselves (such as the FHA mortgage underwriting policy, rescinded in 1945, which prescribed racially homogeneous housing). These reforms reflect an essentially libertarian ideal: a legal structure which ensures the individual rights of minority group members. But it is by now self-evident that such reforms have little actual impact on urban segregation in housing (or in education or employment).

Substantial legal gains in the housing field were made years ago, long before the recent "activist" phase of the civil-rights movement. Racial zoning ordinances, for example, were struck down by the courts in 1917; race-restrictive deeds (covenants), which were developed to serve the same function as racial zoning, were declared unconstitutional in 1948; and in 1958 New York City developed the nation's first statute outlawing discrimination in housing financed wholly with private funds. Legal reforms proliferate, but patterns of segregation widen.

Part of the reason that legal reforms have had little effect is the weakness of the laws themselves. Many of the discriminatory acts which produce segregation in private housing involve the sacred precincts of property and domicile. Efforts to protect by law the rights of minorities shade into infringements of the rights of others and may even be contrary to other laws which protect rights of property and privacy.

Legal reforms are further weakened by the reluctance to provide for effective enforcement. New York has both a State Commission on Human Rights and a parallel City Commission. The procedures for securing redress, however, ordinarily require knowledge and patience on the part of the plaintiff which cannot in fairness be expected of someone merely looking for a decent place to live. Moreover, although one apartment may be "opened" after tortuous procedures, there is no deterrence to further violations, no carry-over effect. Each negotiated enforcement of the law remains an isolated event, and so members of a minority have little confidence in the efficacy of registering complaints. Recently, New York's two agencies proudly announced a "great increase" in complaints received, but the *total* amounted to a mere 528 complaints during the first half of 1966. Philadelphia's counterpart agency, the Commission on Human Relations, has received only 466 complaints in the entire three years since a fair-housing ordinance was adopted.

Broad educational efforts are intended to change discriminatory attitudes in the white community. "Fair-housing committees" in receiving communities are intended to overcome hostility toward entering Negroes. Information and broker services are designed to remedy communication gaps, such as lack of information about housing opportunities outside the ghetto and difficulties in gaining access for inspection. The Urban League's "Operation Open City" combines all these strategies to help Negro families find housing.

Housing opportunities are still, however, overwhelmingly controlled by the regular institutions of the private real-estate market, and the mores of the market have been only incidentally affected by legal advances and desegregation programs. Private real-estate agents reflect the inclinations of the vast majority of housing consumers, and so they distribute information concerning available housing and provide access for inspection in ways that accord with existing class and racial neighborhood patterns. Projects like Operation Open City and fair-housing committees have at best opened just a few housing opportunities beyond the ghetto. Operation Open City reports, for example, that only 300 of the persons registered since February have moved into predominantly white areas. Furthermore, these efforts reach predominantly middle-class Negroes: housing in outlying communities generally requires at least a lower-middle income. The ghetto poor are restricted by white neighborhoods generally, but the most furious opposition comes from white working-class neighborhoods – the very ones with housing many Negroes might be able to afford.

If Negroes Had More Money

Eliminating the poverty of the ghetto masses is the basis of a second general approach to residential integration. Proceeding from our belief in individual opportunity and the "open" society, the argument is that Negroes will be able to bid competitively for housing outside the ghetto once they have better jobs and incomes. There are a number of fallacies here.

First, programs intended to advance Negroes economically – by education and job training – currently reach a mere one in 10 of America's poor, white as well as Negro. Even if the scope of these programs were vastly expanded, millions of the poor would still not be helped. Of the 35 million people below the federal poverty line (*e.g.*, $3,100 per annum for an urban family of four), several million are aged and are permanently unemployable. One-third of the poor are in families headed by females, and it does not seem reasonable to expect this group to raise itself from poverty by entering the labor force. Many of the remaining poor are ill; others are permanently non-competitive for a host of additional reasons, not the least being the debilitating effects of years of chronic

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unemployment and underemployment.

More than half of the poor are under 18. Presumably the optimists who advocate skills-enhancement as a solution to poverty have the potential of this group in mind. But in the past, the upward journey to the middle class has taken low-income groups as much as three generations. Negroes are handicapped at the outset by chronic deprivation; they confront persisting barriers of economic and social discrimination; they must surmount new barriers posed by automation and the professionalization of occupations. Under the circumstances, they can hardly be expected to lift themselves, one by one, more rapidly than members of groups before them which had much greater economic opportunity. For most poor of the present generation, and perhaps for many in the next, a strategy of individual mobility is irrelevant.

Even if large numbers of Negroes are lifted either to or somewhat above the poverty line, their chance of getting decent housing will not greatly improve. In urban areas, adequate housing is hard to come by for families with annual incomes of less than $7,000; in 1960, only 3.4 percent of Negroes had such incomes. Indeed, middle-class whites have obtained huge governmental subsidies to bring decent housing within their reach (*e.g.*, urban-renewal land write-downs, low-cost government-insured mortgages, special federal tax advantages for builders and realtors, as well as local tax abatements).

Furthermore, because of discriminatory patterns, Negroes, in effect, pay more for housing than whites. Although in most metropolitan areas Negroes pay slightly lower rentals than whites in each income group, they get vastly inferior housing. Income gains will continue to be partly dissipated in excessive rentals.

We must also stress that resistance in the receiving community persists, whatever the incomes of potential Negro invaders. In a recent book, *Negroes in Cities*, Karl and Alma Taeuber conclude after extensive analysis of census data that "residential segregation prevails regardless of the relative economic status of the white and Negro resident."

Consequences of Our Good Intentions

The myth that integrationist measures are bringing better housing to the Negro poor comforts liberals; it placates (and victimizes) the Negro masses; and it antagonizes and arouses the bulk of white Americans. The "backlash" is part of its legacy. While turmoil rages over integration, housing conditions worsen. They worsen partly because the solution continues to be defined in terms of desegregation, so that the energies and attention of reformers are diverted from attempts to ameliorate housing in the ghetto itself.

By being linked to the goal of integration, traditional programs for low-income housing (*e.g.* public housing) have become so controversial that appropriations are kept low and in many places are not even used. Although the 1949 Housing Act alone authorized 810,000 units of low-rent housing, a mere 600,000 units have been constructed since the first National Housing Act in 1937. During the past few years, we have constructed only about 26,000 units annually or about half of what could have been built under existing legislation. The ghetto poor have paid in this way for the struggle over whether Negro and white shall mingle, neighborhood by neighborhood.

Public housing was intended, by at least some of its proponents, to facilitate integration as a by-product of rehousing the poor. And it has always been plagued by that secondary goal. Integrated projects have been thwarted because, as Negroes move in, low-income whites leave or are reluctant to apply. (The Federal Public Housing Agency classifies only 27 percent of its projects as integrated and these include an unspecified number which have only one or two Negro families.) The resulting high-rise brick ghettoes offend liberals, and they attack. But when housing officials attempt to bring about integration by such devices as quota systems, other critics are offended on the ground that such procedures are discriminatory. The New York City Housing Authority has been alternately forced to "reform" by making commitments to foster integrated projects, only to be asked to "reform" again by abolishing its color-conscious procedures.

Efforts to further integration by locating housing projects in white neighborhoods have provoked far more serious opposition than efforts to integrate the projects themselves. Only when white tenants predominate is there any degree of tolerance for public housing in these communities. In Newark, for example, the racial balance in projects ranges from over 90 percent white in outlying "country club" areas to over 90 percent Negro for projects located in central ghetto wards. Because this accommodation was made from the outset, Newark has been able to win support for public housing and hence to build relatively more units than most other cities. Similarly the New York City Housing Authority has long accommodated to the wishes of borough presidents in site selections (and is much criticized for it), and has also used its full share of public-housing subsidies. But in many localities, disputes over the location of public-housing projects have evoked furious controversy, often leading to the reduction of the program and surely making its political future shaky. In a study of public-housing decisions in Chicago, Martin Meyerson and Edward Banfield showed how volatile the site-selection issue is. By

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proposing locations which raised the integration issue, the public-housing authority provoked a two-and-a-half-year struggle which not only defeated the site proposal but consolidated opposition to public housing itself. A similar struggle is now going on in New York City; the Lindsay administration has insisted that public housing be located on vacant land in outlying areas, and so the current sites have still not been approved.

The new rent-supplement law bears the same political onus as public housing. The current appropriation of $20 million will permit only a few showpiece displays. If experience with public housing is any predictor, the opposition which rent supplements provoked in Congress and which almost defeated it will be repeated in each local community as efforts are made to implement the plan. White majorities will veto any project they feel will threaten their neighborhood and will eventually ban the program that raises the threat. Public subsidies, in short, have failed to reverse the trend toward segregation in urban areas and have not produced new or rehabilitated housing for the poor.

The slum ghetto thus remains at the mercy of the real-estate market which controls it. Shunned by stable investors, the ghetto attracts less knowledgeable and less scrupulous speculators who demand high rates of return for dollars expended on so risky and disreputable a venture. The ghetto is left with no stable financial credit – the underbelly of the real-estate market, where profits are made quickly and outside the law by preying on captive tenants. And that profit is wrested by offering an increasingly deteriorated product at increasingly inflated prices.

But unscrupulous investors – the so-called "slum landlords" (and their supporting apparatus of mortgage banks, insurance firms and corrupt or lax public officials) – are not the only ones to profit from the view that adequate housing for the poor depends upon desegregating the ghetto. For while the poor are left with token programs and token funds ("demonstration" projects for rehousing the poor have become a favorite device), huge new subsidies have been finding their way into the hands of middle- and upper-class interests in the central city.

Recent housing and redevelopment programs, put forward as attempts to serve "the city as a whole" by clearing slums, improving the tax base, or retrieving the middle class from the suburbs, have had the effect of intensifying ghetto deterioration. We have spent some $3 billion on urban-renewal programs, and in the process whole low-income communities have been destroyed, including some 328,000 units of housing (most of them low rental). Only some 13,000 units of low-rent public housing have been constructed on the area sites. Luxury apartment houses, stadiums, coliseums, auditoriums and office buildings now stand where the poor once lived. (Highway development has had equally devastating effects.) Curiously, these programs are sometimes justified by the goal of integration, for it is hoped they will lure middle-class whites back from the suburbs.

Nor has much been done to mitigate the cruel cost to ghetto residents of clearance and redevelopment. Procedures for interim management on sites scheduled for clearance place owners and tenants in a prolonged state of uncertainty, making them either the agents or the victims of quick exploitation. The effects on those eventually dislocated, about 70 percent of whom are nonwhite, are only partially tempered by relocation provisions. The stalemate we now see in some urban-renewal programs (*e.g.*, as a result of Saul Alinsky's activities in Chicago and Rochester) represents an achievement for the poor: they have finally been spurred by the accumulated abuses of years of dislocation to protest against the further destruction of their homes and communities.

Taking Account of White Hostility

The Achilles heel of housing programs has been precisely our insistence that better housing for the black poor be achieved by residential desegregation. This ideal glosses over the importance of the ethnic community as a staging area for groups to build the communal solidarity and power necessary to compel eventual access to the mainstream of urban life. If the ideal of heterogeneity has led reformers to press for measures which threaten to bring Negroes into white neighborhoods, the force of separatism has consistently won out – and housing in the ghetto has worsened.

If group conflict is at the root of past failures, strategies must be found to improve ghetto housing without arousing the ire of powerful segments of the white community. In managing this conflict, politicians try to make concessions to contending groups. But this is possible only if significant groups in the political majority remain unaroused or relatively indifferent to what has been conceded. As we have shown, the prospect that Negroes might invade white neighborhoods generates such intense opposition that politicians, in the interest of self-preservation, are forced to avoid any action except to promote token measures to placate reformers. Hostile feelings created by the struggle over integration tie the hands of political leaders who might otherwise give their support to less controversial concessions, such as subsidies for low-income housing in the ghetto.

It seems clear, then, that reformers must apply what political pressure they have to secure relief in the ghetto itself. We already have the legal and adminis-

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trative channels, but we have put virtually no funds into them. The most urgent need is for subsidies, for both new housing and the interim rehabilitation of existing structures, and for vigorous intervention in the ownership and management of slum buildings.

Current estimates of the costs of rehousing the residents of central city ghettoes are very large and hence tend to deflect attention from concrete proposals. Commissioner Gaynor of the New York State Division of Housing and Community Renewal says it will take $14 billion to replace New York City's half-million substandard units with public housing; Senator Robert Kennedy's slum proposal for the city would cost about $15 billion in the next 10 years. These figures are misleading, however. Government subsidies are needed essentially to cover the interest and amortization on bonds or mortgages. Since development costs are paid over long periods, the annual outlay (in public housing, for example) is only 4.5 or five percent of the original amounts (in addition to local contributions in the form of tax abatement). Moreover, the huge estimates being given are for long-term building programs; during the initial years, subsidies are needed for debt service on only a fraction of the amount eventually invested.

Ways of Rehabilitating the Slums

New housing can be built under the public-housing program, or through the use of rent supplements and low-cost government mortgages. These programs do not fix and limit the form of low-rental housing – public-housing authorities can use their subsidies to buy or to lease privately built dwellings, for example; they are not restricted to barren high-rise projects. Because overcrowding is at a critical peak in most central city ghettoes, new housing should be used to augment the supply of dwelling units and neighborhood space. We should not tear down any but the most hazardous slum housing. We should build either in marginal and underused areas, where it is possible to extend ghetto boundaries without excessive neighborhood friction, or in more outlying ghetto enclaves.

Slum housing can also be substantially upgraded by repairs, new wiring and plumbing (estimated by housing experts at about $1,500 per unit) or gutting and rebuilding a structure (which can cost as much as eight times that amount). Because it is cheaper and does not require neighborhood upheaval, various kinds of rehabilitation should be given priority, even if eventual demolition and rebuilding are contemplated.

Incentive schemes in the form of loans and grants can be offered to landlords and backed up by vigorous code enforcement. New York City, for example (always the first to innovate, and always the least able to make any actual ingress into the slums), already has an emergency repair operation in which city crews can make necessary repairs and charge the landlord. The city also has a receivership program, under which buildings with hazardous violations can be taken over by the Department of Real Estate, repaired to a level of code conformance, and reclaimed by the landlord if he pays the costs.

A number of minor changes in regulations could multiply our tools for improving ghetto housing. For example, new public housing now costs as much as $22,500 per unit, largely because of extraordinarily high standards of construction required by federal regulations. Archaic and inflexible local building codes encumber new construction and rehabilitation and add substantially to costs. These regulations are not merely vestigial or accidental. They are promoted and protected by the organized groups in the construction and real-estate industries whose interests are served by maintaining traditional and costly methods of building. Even these minor reforms require the mobilizing of political support.

Federal mortgage and grant programs for low-income rehabilitation are now underused, partly because of certain limiting regulations. For instance, federal low-cost mortgages have not been fully exploited (New York City's allotment for the current year is set at $150 million, but much of it is likely to go unused). There are two reasons: only nonprofit or limited profit corporations are eligible, and modest rent supplements are needed in addition to low-cost mortgages in order to yield low rents. Local government could help create such corporations (drawing in churches, settlement houses or community organizations as sponsors); it could provide rent-supplement funds from local revenues (barring any expansion and relaxation of restrictions in the federal rent-supplement program). But none of this is likely to work so long as low-income housing arouses intense local opposition because it is tied to racial integration.

The new demonstration cities bill authorizes $900 million over two years for slum rehabilitation. The legislation is broadly permissive, so that localities can propose a wide variety of programs. (Note that congressional opposition to the bill was only overcome by a last minute amendment barring use of the legislation to promote racial balance.) If liberals follow their accustomed route and force new contests over desegregation, this bill is likely to go the way of earlier housing measures, weakened and mangled at each stage of public decision.

The point, in short, is that if reformers can be persuaded to forfeit for a time the ideal of desegregation, there might be a chance of mustering political support and money for low-income housing. This would be no small achievement.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Mayhem by Muggeridge*

What *is* Malcolm Muggeridge? The question would doubtless please him because he loathes labels. The inability to label him comes from his freedom of range, but sometimes with freedom comes irresponsibility, and he has a good deal of that, too.

Forty-five of his articles, written since 1953 and published in book form earlier this year,* display him as literary critic, autobiographer, political and social critic, satirist, and Jeremiah. In all these roles he writes as readably as any user of English alive and much more wittily than most. In all these roles he stimulates; in all, eventually, he disappoints. He is an iconoclast with astigmatism, a hater of sham with a touch of sadism, an enemy of lies with (mostly) sentimentalities as truths. There is a valued place in any literature for the cynic, and Muggeridge often reminds me of one of the best such in American history – Ambrose Bierce. But like Bierce, Muggeridge evokes at last the image of a fox gnawing at his own leg caught in the trap of existence.

Take, to begin with, his political views. He is, he says, "illiberal." The son of a socialist father who was religiously devoted to *fin de siècle* meliorism, he has reacted against socialism as fiercely as Corliss Lamont against Wall Street. As to liberalism, Muggeridge has done a real service in deriding the unthinking acceptance of liberal dogma, in cross-examining the demon of progress. But frequently when he starts swinging his axe, he goes berserk. In "Confessions of An Egghead," after aerating some stuffy liberal assumptions, he writes:

> "The fact is that eggheads (taking an egghead to be one who approaches life in terms of ideas rather than of what seem to be immediate realities) are nearly always wrong."

The fact *really* is that, if it were not for eggheads, Muggeridge and his fellow Britons would still be living in caves, painting themselves blue. That many thinkers have been impractical or have often proved false prophets is about as strong an argument against intellect as the fact that all priests (being mortal) are sinners is an argument against religion.

> "After all [says Muggeridge] it was not Hitler or Stalin or Mr. Dulles or even Field Marshal Montgomery who invented atomic fission and made possible all its deadly affiliates but a rum-looking egghead, Einstein. . . ."

As if those gentlemen would have been angels if Einstein had not tempted them, would not have found other means to fulfill themselves.

> "The basic egghead fallacy, the fallacy of liberalism which makes it in practice so destructive a force is, it seems to me, that it implies the possibility of achieving imaginative ends by the exercise of the will."

This, I think, is an unspecific definition; for "liberalism" in that sentence one could substitute almost any other political philosophy. It would seem to me that the specific fallacy of liberalism is that it is not a political philosophy at all, it is a game: a game of gentlemen, which depends on mutual observance of rules, like tennis. It is a creation of the 19th century, of a punctilious and carefully bounded civilization in which one can rely on the etiquette of one's opponents and in which one's allowing a voice to the opposition is at least as important as the achievement of one's own beliefs – perhaps more important. ("It isn't winning that counts, it's how one plays the game" might be the first tenet of liberalism.) The world with which we all need to reckon is no longer composed exclusively of gentlemen bound by Roberts' *Rules of Order;* but the social-political paradox in Muggeridge is that, by his constant harping on the degradation of our society, he seems to be arguing for a return to the climate that bred the very liberalism he deplores.

On the subject of man's inhumanity to man, he is biting indeed and has plenty to bite on: for example, his account of the postwar treatment of P. G. Wodehouse. (Although his own treatment of Brendan Behan – exploiting Behan's drunkenness on BBC television – is very thinly exonerated.) On the subject of bureaucratic nonsense and governmental hugger-mugger, he is hilarious. He worked for Military Intelligence during the Second World War and gives it to us as the pompous comedy it must in many ways have been.

As a man who has quite clearly been an enthusiast of sex all his life, he is appropriately caustic about current attitudes toward sex: hyper-seriousness, hyper-frivolity, hyper-consciousness altogether. I should very much like to read the review he might write of *My Secret Life,* the recently published venereal diary of a Victorian gentleman, although that would mean sentencing him to read all 2,311 pages of it, something I shall not be able to do and would not wish on any adult who wants to retain an interest in making love.

Yet, as a literary critic, he swings as wildly as he does in politics. He often starts well, but cannot recognize when to stop. He deflates the John F. Kennedy "industry" – the spate of books about JFK – and does not spare the soggier elements in even the Sorensen and Schlesinger books. But then he continues:

> "Not only do the Sorensen and Schlesinger volumes tell one nothing about the late President and his régime that one wants to know; they have the negative effect of burying under a mountain of verbiage the clues and leads which might enable one to find out."

Whatever one thinks of those two books, Muggeridge may be the only person in the world for whom this statement is true.

On E. M. Forster: "Does anyone *read*

(Continued on page 38)

*The Most of Malcolm Muggeridge (Simon & Schuster; $5.95).

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The One-Eyed Hawk

by Bernard B. Fall

It took them a while to get organized, but the Vietnam "hawks" have finally struck back in force, pen in hand. And that, perhaps, is a good thing not only for freedom of debate and all that, but some of the writing produced by the "doves" was beginning to follow Gresham's law, what with every teach-in and graduate class producing its own Vietnam literature. *Why Viet Nam?* by Frank Trager is likely to represent the epitome of the academic argument on the anti-dove side.

Why Viet Nam?
by Frank N. Trager
(Praeger; $4.95)

First of all, let me say immediately two things: his academic credentials are impeccable, his background on domestic issues is liberal – our common publisher told me that Trager had worked in several of Norman Thomas' election campaigns – and, as a former head of the Point Four program in Burma, he has had firsthand experience in the Far East, even though his stays in Vietnam were limited to a very few weeks spread over three occasions. The latter fact is hardly inhibiting, as long as one discusses the merits or demerits of the present situation on its legal basis or on power politics alone. One of last year's most valuable books on Vietnam, Victor Bator's *Vietnam: A Diplomatic Tragedy* (*NR*, July 10, 1965), was entirely the product of research in New York's libraries, while several books literally written in the rice paddies were just trash.

But things become trickier when the author tries not only to prove that *present* policies are right, but literally to validate retroactively everything done in Vietnam (or Asia) by the United States since the Battle of Manila Bay in order to arrive at conclusive proof that what is being done is as foreordained as Divine Providence. This takes an enormous amount of detailed scholarship (assuming it *is* provable; and, if provable, worth doing), and that is where knowledge of firsthand sources and of Vietnam itself, is important. Trager deliberately chose that terrain by not only giving a "hawk" version of present events, which is perfectly justifiable, but in rewriting Vietnamese history of the past seventy years to suit his particular present. He may have succeeded as a "hawk." As a Vietnam scholar, he is a total failure.

It would be impossible within the space of a review to cite *in extenso* every error of material fact – I give him the credit of being mistaken rather than believing that he intentionally misstated facts he knew to be true – but they are so numerous and so glaring that they completely overwhelm the text. Thus, on page 11, in keeping with the traditional view of America as an innocent bystander in Asia, "the United States entered the arena in Southeast Asia only after 1898." What might surprise Trager is to read the log of the old frigate *USS Constitution* (Capt. John "Mad Jack" Percival, commanding) for the year 1845 – for on May 10 of that year, in order to keep an imprisoned French bishop from being put to death in Hué, Percival landed his US Marines in nearby Danang, capturing in the process both the governor and vice governor of the province. The whole hilarious incident is too long to be retold here (the horrified State Department sent its consul in Singapore in 1849 to the Vietnamese emperor to apologize for it) but the hard fact remains that the US *was* involved in Southeast Asia a good many years before Trager thought it was – and with Marines in Danang, too.

Past history gets him in even worse trouble. Every responsible historian, regardless of nationality, credits the present-day Vietnam to have originated in South China, but according to Trager, "this kingdom, whose capital is believed to have been near Canton, is generally *not* [his italics] regarded as part of what is Vietnam today." That is perfect nonsense. Durand's *Miroir de l'histoire du Viêt*, which is a translation of Sino-Vietnamese diplomatic correspondence for the years 257-111 BC (!), shows quite conclusively that the Vietnamese were then being pushed into the Red River delta which they still inhabit. On page 21, he mangles the Vietnamese monsoon system by forgetting the strong winter monsoon of the Annam coast and Tonkin Gulf which right now hampers air raids on North Vietnam. On page 27, he has a French bishop allegedly "killed while leading an assault" – whereas in reality the poor man died in bed of dysentery, as one of the few relevant sources which Trager cites (the book has no bibliography) would have shown him.

Trager really hits cruising speed when he reaches the French colonial period. As I know from personal experience, he is anti-French with a deep-down passion which no amount of formal education can mitigate, and therefore falls over his own documentation, trying to prove too much in every direction. Not that the French, particularly in Vietnam, were lovable or a howling success, but it gets a bit boring to see every present Vietnamese ill attributed to the French, when one begins to realize that the overwhelming bulk of the present-day South Vietnamese leaders were teen-agers when the French left thirteen years ago, and that, apparently, the Viet Cong or the North Vietnamese do not seem to have any trouble running their show with French-trained civil servants or post-French trainees. Nor has Prince Sihanouk next door in Cambodia. Since Trager never bothered to understand the colonial administrative structure, he has no trouble in stating that the Colonial Council, *i.e.*, the territorial legislature, "was represented in the French Chamber of Deputies," which is a patent falsehood. Cochin China, as

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a *colony*, elected a Deputy to the French Chamber (the protectorates did not); but the Colonial Council sent nobody anywhere. The fact that those legislatures, though grossly biased in favor of the white colonials, *did* elect natives (compare this with the situation in the Southern states), bothered him a great deal: hence, they were immediately transformed into Uncle Toms of the French (p. 40).

Again ignorant of the published documentation, Trager could have found the truth in a book published by his own publisher: *Malraux – The Indochina Adventure*, which describes the struggle of liberal Frenchmen *in* Indochina for the independence of the Vietnamese, just as there were Britishers advocating American independence. He flatly contradicts himself on p. 55, as he shows the Trotskyists victoriously defeating French-backed candidates in legislative elections throughout the 1930's. One can just imagine a Trotskyist trying to run for office *now* – either in Saigon or in Hanoi. The same holds true for the press: having rightly denounced the clumsy French colonial press laws, he points to the liberal *Asie Française* which for fifty years championed Vietnam's causes in Vietnam, and conveniently forgets the freedom of the press of the years of the French Popular Front. But as we reach the years of World War II, Trager enters pure mythology. He forgets French clamors for US aid against Japan and the Japanese attack against the French prior to Pearl Harbor but, of course, remembers French Vichy collaboration with the Japanese. And, when he comes to the Viet-Minh guerrillas of Ho Chi Minh, the blind spot again takes over: he flatly denies (p. 58) that the Viet-Minh took over Saigon in 1945 – a clear-cut falsehood which every respectable source will show as such, notably the firsthand report of the British general, D. D. Gracey, who had to deal with the Viet-Minh authorities ruling the city until it was forcibly retaken! On the same page, he has emperor Bao-Dai surrender his throne to Tran Van Giau (precisely the Viet-Minh commander in Saigon) – except that Bao-Dai happened to be in his palace in Hué, Central Vietnam, and surrendered his throne to Tran Huy Lieu, who came from Hanoi, and who later wrote a pamphlet about it.

All this has nothing to do with Trager's hawkishness, but has a lot to do with biased and slipshod scholarship. On p. 59, he totally misconstrues the crucial French-Vietnamese agreement of March 1946, in which the French recognized Ho's new government as the Democratic Republic of Vietnam by adding "*i.e.*, Tonkin," which is not at all what both sides had in mind. At *no* time had either the French or Ho conceded the possibility of two separate Vietnamese states, and a shortlived attempt by the diehard *colons* in Saigon to create a "Cochin Chinese Republic" died before it got off the ground. Turning strategist, he confuses on p. 72, Mao's rules of good behavior ("return everything you borrow; pay for everything you take") with Mao's rules of guerrilla warfare ("when the enemy advances, we retreat . . ."). On p. 97, he for once pays the French a compliment, but probably because it is untrue. He alleges that the Viet-Minh were pleased to accept the 17th parallel dividing line because "they had been unable to eliminate the French Expeditionary Corps from Hanoi, Haiphong, and key areas in the southern Red River delta area." Nonsense again. By May (after Dien Bien Phu) 1954, the French were cracking in the Red River delta. In fact, its whole *southern* area was evacuated overnight on June 24 ("Operation Auvergne") to prevent its French garrisons from being swamped in their positions; and, had the cease-fire not occurred when it did, the French already were considering pulling back from Hanoi to the Haiphong perimeter.

What Trager has to say about the record of the Indian-Canadian-Polish International Control Commission (ICC) is of equal accuracy. In Cambodia, far from being a record of "frustration," the ICC supervised free elections in 1955, in which the Communists got *three percent* of the vote and not one seat in the legislature. In Laos, the Communists, after lengthy negotiations in the course of which they surrendered 4,700 weapons, won

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(Hanscom Field, Bedford, Mass.)

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To weirder beasts caught browsing on this field,
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And burnished bellies full of ins and outs.
Caressing curves of wind, the metal smiles
And beds the pilot down in sheets of dials.
Eggheaded, strapped, and sucking gas, he roars
To frozen heights all other life abhors,
Where, having left his dirty sound behind,
In pure blue he becomes pure will and mind.
These planes, articulate in every part,
Outdo the armor-forger's Tuscan art –
The rivets as unsparingly displayed
As pearls upon a chausable's brocade,
The wiring bundled thick, like chordate brains,
The posing turbine balanced grain by grain,
The silver skin so stencilled it amounts
To an encyclical of do's and don't's.
Our dollars! Dumb, like muzhiks come from far
To gaze upon the trappings of a czar,
Their sweat turned into gems and cold faïence,
We marvel at our own extravagance:
No mogul's wasteful lust was half so wide
And deep as this democracy's quick pride.

JOHN UPDIKE

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eleven seats out of 59 in a fair fight, but that proved unacceptable to the hawks of that day. And in Vietnam, though admittedly more hamstrung, and (as one reads the ICC reports) as much by the South as by the North, the ICC in 1962 *did* condemn the North for infiltrations and the South for having a "de facto alliance with the United States." What Trager thinks of the Diem regime (he found that dictatorship at fault for having "prematurely introduced . . . the idea of democracy"!) is of no importance whatever, nor are his routine clichés about the present war, including the "rise in morale" (p. 193) of the South Vietnamese Army – the one, no doubt which led to 100,000 desertions each in 1965 and 1966. But it is a bit shocking to see two perfectly honorable American scholars from highly respected schools slurred in a manner reminiscent of the McCarthy era (to be fair, it is my understanding that the page has been removed in later printings); and to see, finally, *South* Vietnam – the successor state to the French-sponsored Bao-Dai regime – described as having become "independent after a worthy struggle against the colonial power of France." To deny Ho Chi Minh and his tough People's Army Divisions (some of them the same that are now taking the brunt of American firepower in the South, but are staying in the fight) even the historical claim to having defeated the French at Dien Bien Phu is such an incredible perversion of free scholarship that one must hark back to the dark days of the Stalin era to find comparable examples of denials of the documented facts. If Trager did not know better, where was his editor? "Unfacts" of that magnitude don't just happen: they get written, and left in.

In any case, Praeger or Trager need not worry; the book's financial success is assured as government libraries in this country and every US Information Agency library throughout the world are likely to press what a Pulitizer-prize winner in another review called a "propaganda tract" on the unwary foreign reader as the "real story on Vietnam"; instead of locking it in the back room, where, according to recent reports, the really *good* Vietnam books are.

There is a glimmer of truth in this incredible book after all, when, at the beginning of the epilogue, Trager exclaims: "There is no 'end' to a book of this character." He is absolutely right. There surely will be more of that kind before the Vietnam mess is cleaned up.

Bobbs-Merrill

viet nam in the mud

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Bobbs-Merrill

Advising Our Rulers

by Alex Campbell

A century ago, Robert Lowe urged on the House of Commons the "absolute necessity of educating our masters." Professor Heller's book is largely a firsthand narration, and an entertaining one, of the attempt to teach politicians and the public in this country the "new" economics. The need was embarrassingly great; in 1961, President Kennedy ordered Heller "not to return from an international economic meeting in Paris until I had discovered the secret of European growth." In fact, the "secret" had been taught in American classrooms for 20 years.

New Dimensions of Political Economy
by Walter W. Heller
(Harvard; $3.50)

Heller claims that the lesson has been learned: "John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson stand out as the first modern economists in the American presidency. Their administrations were largely free of the old mythology and wrongheaded economics which had viewed government deficits as synonymous with inflation . . . and government debts as an immoral burden on our grandchildren." One can only say that there are reasons for doubting the genuineness of the politicians' economic enlightenment.

Kennedy, says Heller, "recalled with some admiration Roosevelt's and Eisenhower's abilities to talk balanced budgets even in the face of repeated deficits." The economists advising Kennedy, including Heller, were several times admonished to temper advocacy with golden silences, "where politics has necessarily overruled economics," to use Theodore Sorensen's revealing phrase.

Not only were Kennedy's economists occasionally abjured to be silent; they also had to be "prepared to serve as a lightning rod for the angry charges generated by offended vested interests and prejudices" – a function Heller ruefully calls "as convenient for presidents as it is uncomfortable for advisers." Lightning-rod Heller had to take his consolation from the occasional presidential pat; "Walter," said Kennedy one day, "I want to make it perfectly clear that I resent these attacks on you." This narration does not prove that, under Kennedy and Johnson, the dimensions of political economy differ greatly from the days of Colbert, the French finance minister who sighed to Louis XIV, "I begin to

COMING
The Real Winston Churchill
by Philip Toynbee

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doubt whether the liberty I take is agreeable to your Majesty."

Order, welfare and the aggrandizement of France: those were Colbert's aims. Heller remarks that modern American presidents require the advice of economists "to achieve great societies at home and grand designs abroad." He adds that "value judgments are an inescapable, obligatory and desirable part of the life of an economic adviser"; but his own narrative suggests that here too he is treading on unsafe ground, just as Colbert did. Colbert deplored both "the disease of war," and that Louis wasted money on gambling. Louis did not listen. A White House economist who preferred the war on poverty to the one in Vietnam would find his silence preferred to his advice. When it comes to value judgments, American economists are no more welcome to today's ruling politicians than the atomic physicists were to Secretary of State James F. Byrnes, who was annoyed by the scientists' itch to pass judgment on the government's use of the Bomb.

The United States economy is not as complex as an atomic bomb. But directing it calls for at least as much expertise as flying a jet. In both cases, the crew has to work out very large sums at very great speeds, and a crash can be the high price of failure. Heller is justly proud of the economic advisers' achievements since 1961. "Gross national product advanced by $218 billion, or by one-third in real terms. Over seven million added jobs were created, bringing the unemployment rate down from nearly seven percent to under four percent." And so forth. These are creditable accomplishments. But a running refrain of the book is "until Vietnam intervened," suggesting that, but for Vietnam, the economic problem would be easily soluble. This seems questionable.

If Vietnam had *not* intervened, the economists would still be grappling with conundrums, and difficult and important value judgments would still have to be made. Thanks to the advice of the economists, Heller explains, the realized growth rate of the economy doubled after 1961. But so did corporate profits after tax, whereas the weekly take-home pay of the average manufacturing worker rose only 18 percent in a period of immensely profitable productivity. Labor's share of the national income was static until 1965, and it slipped thereafter, though profits continued to rise briskly. This unhealthy capital boom impels Heller to comment that "extremism in the pursuit of productivity through private capital spending can be a vice."

The government might have taxed the swollen corporate profits further to enlarge its relative spending on general welfare in step with the expanding national income. But it did not do this. Heller observes that "federal expenditures on an administrative budget basis had already dropped from 17 percent of GNP in 1955 to 15 percent in 1965-66" – which he adds is a thumping $14-billion drop in relative terms. Of the $7 billion extra accruing each year to the federal government, thanks to the increased rate of economic growth induced by the economists, the government has spent about $4.5 billion annually on Vietnam and going to the moon.

An even graver blemish relates to unemployment, which Heller rightly attacks as "a fundamental evil" and "an affront to human dignity." The economists' original, benign intention was to see how far they could "melt the barriers to employment for the unskilled, the non-white, the very young and the very old." To bring unemployment first below four percent, then perhaps even below three, a high rate of real economic growth was and is deemed essential. But when the economy became "overheated," the first remedy that was applied was a ruthless, old-fashioned tightening of the financial garrot. The Federal Reserve bankers were permitted, last December, to grimace like witch doctors through their discount window. One unintended result is the collapse of the building industry. The government, advised by its current crop of economists, now proposes to behave toward the country like Charles the Second's physicians, who thought that the way to cure the King was to bleed him.

Heller blames the "overheating" on the cost of the Vietnam war. It is not easy to grasp why bankers believe that these costs will be best met by strangling the entire economy. Meanwhile, the rate of unemployment is still far above three percent, and may soon be back to four, or even higher. Yet the Europeans no doubt explained to Heller in 1961 how they consistently manage to hold unemployment to a negligible figure.

Deliberate slowing of the growth rate does not commend itself as a solution to anything. But constantly speeding it up may be equally unwise, especially if this results in polluted cities and other ravages that require big federal spending to repair. Raising the money required may call for still faster growth; in this way we might find ourselves going faster and faster merely to stay in the same place.

Acknowledging the problem that Professor Galbraith first indicated, Heller nevertheless links an intrinsically desirable end, more schools, with higher productivity ("the big pay-off will come from basic education"). Only in passing does he remark that "at bottom, growth is to be enjoyed." *This* is the new dimension of political economy.

A third of the book is taken up with an examination of state and local needs, and how to pay for them, in a brilliant

"*This gentle masterpiece of a book*

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discussion of techniques that would require a review to itself. There are occasional stylistic exuberances, like tax packages with cutting edges. Also, monetary and fiscal tourniquets get tightened in an overheating economy, and ideological roadblocks melt away "when the cost of fulfilling a people's aspirations can be met out of a growing horn of plenty – instead of robbing Peter to pay Paul." These are trifling flaws in an excellent compendium of practical economic wisdom. Politicians including would-be presidents should have well-thumbed copies for years to come.

Surrealism in the Round

by Jerrold Lanes

It was only a question of time before some basic books on Surrealism appeared in this country, for since the first years of the war, when many leading French Surrealist writers and painters took refuge here, Surrealism has been the strongest foreign influence on the arts. In its emphasis on automatism it had a crucial effect on Abstract Expressionism, in its use of the common object and its social commentary on Pop art; and its development in the visual arts has already been traced in Marcel Jean's *History of Surrealist Painting*, published here a few years ago.

The Philosophy of Surrealism
by Ferdinand Alquié
translated by Bernard Waldrop
(Michigan; $5.95)

The History of Surrealism
by Maurice Nadeau
translated by Richard Howard
(Macmillan; $6.95)

Surrealism and the Novel
by J. H. Matthews
(Michigan; $5.95)

That its literary side has had less impact is paradoxical, given the fact that Surrealism is primarily a literary, not an artistic, movement – but it is easily explained. For one thing, Surrealist writing is the product of a tradition – the Symbolist repertory of images and genres such as the prose poem – that had no equivalent here. Neither did Surrealist art, but the language of forms is international while that of words is not, and most of the best Surrealist texts, with their elliptical syntax and abstruse vocabulary, are not easy to read in French or translate into English. I think that at bottom we need look no farther than to this language barrier for the basic reason why Surrealist writing has had so little and such a slow effect in this country.

Over the past decade, however, some Surrealist literature has been made available in translation. Julien Gracq and René Char were extensively translated early in the game, and there was a sampling of Eluard. They have been followed by additional samplings of Artaud, Mandiargues, Breton and others.

Of Alquié's book I should prefer just to say that the idea of translating it was a mistake and let it go at that, but in view of the author's eminence something more seems needed: Alquié teaches philosophy at the Sorbonne, has done fundamental work on Descartes and with the exception of Pierre Naville is really the only person gifted at systematic, abstract thought to have been associated with the Surrealist movement, which he knew from its earliest stages. But his professionalism as a philosopher is of very limited value here, for Surrealism was not a philosophical movement; it was varied, contradictory and circumstantial, even makeshift.

Alquié has tried to get around at least one of these difficulties, the differences of view among such leading figures as Breton, Eluard and Aragon, by singling out for study the ideas of Breton, and at first sight the approach might seem justified. Breton had always been the dominant personality and left by far the largest body of theoretical writings. I call them "theoretical" only for lack of a better word. Breton has been wholly miscast in the role of a theoretician or even of an orderly thinker: there is a well-known story that, when asked to prepare a statistical report for a communist meeting during the days of Surrealism's flirtation with the Third International, he found the assignment so far beyond his abilities that he had to give it up. Breton has always followed an intuitive, not to say an impulsive, approach, hardly a cerebral one. If, finally, one adds to this the particular quality of Alquié's prose one can see why the book is unsuccessful. There is a kind of souped-up rhetoric, a bewildering amalgam of both emotive and conceptual terms, that forms one of the established species of French expository prose, and while it says little in the original at least it flows along smoothly enough for its emptiness to go relatively unnoticed. The comparative inelegance of English exposes its slightest fault.

Nadeau's book, when it first appeared, was well received by everybody but the Surrealists – partly, no doubt, because of its resolute refusal to indulge in the kind of rhetorical mystification that typifies most critical writing about Surrealism or by Surrealists: Nadeau writes prose. In approach he is entirely the opposite of Alquié, taking matters not topically but historically, and to me this seems not only the best but really the only proper method. What this historical development shows, broadly speaking, is the increasing predominance of a highly contrived, almost precious, estheticism, best seen today in the work of Gracq and Mandiargues, along with the gradual elimination of something quite different. For at the outset, the exploration of the unconscious through such characteristic means as automatic writing was only one aspect of a much larger aim. Naïve though it may seem today, what the Surrealists had hoped to achieve was a "total liberation" of the sensibility, and they recognized

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that compared with this goal literature in the usual sense of the word was a paltry thing, "anodyne and without consequence." The reason for its insignificance was that it could not change the basic element, namely the social milieu that, for the Surrealists, stifled men and prevented them from exercising their faculties to the full. As Breton put it, what the Surrealists wanted was to "change the conditions of life. . . . We are not Utopians: the Revolution we seek is only conceivable as a social phenomenon."

It is Nadeau's great merit to have realized the importance of the sociopolitical dimension Surrealism had in its early years and the effect of its failure in this area. Where others have seen in Breton's *Second Manifesto*, for example, only an appeal to a kind of hermetic occultism, Nadeau recounts the political debate that occasioned it and brings out the social message that comprises at least half its content. He traces, as no one else had thought of tracing, the various attempts – all abortive – of Surrealism to find an effective social *persona*, first in the twenties by uniting with the Marxists who published the two magazines *Clarté* and *Grand Jeu*, then in the thirties by the attempt, hesitation and finally refusal to merge into the Communist party itself. What was involved then had already been very lucidly pinpointed by Pierre Naville when he quit the Surrealists a decade earlier: their "refusal to compromise one's own existence and the sacredness of individualism by a commitment to the disciplined action of class struggle," a refusal to acknowledge that "spiritual strength . . . is ineradicably rooted in a social reality that conditions it."

What Nadeau shows, then, is how the repeated failure of Surrealism to find an effective social and political role for itself finally sapped its revolutionary ideal of so much of its content, leaving it in the end no choice but to retreat into the exquisite, but purely literary, exercises that the best of the Surrealist writers practice today. In this way, style and ideology are constantly and inextricably interrelated, and it is very much to Nadeau's credit that he brought this out. His *History* is introduced by an intelligent and lively essay by Roger Shattuck.

The book by J. H. Matthews – not to be confused with Jackson Mathews, whose translations of René Char did so much in this country to give that poet the eminence he deserves – is narrower in scope, although written in a less specialized manner. Matthews has done some very fine things on Surrealism: his *Introduction to Surrealism*, of 1965, is the best general discussion of the subject after Nadeau's, and, like Nadeau, he always avoids the febrile rhetoric that is endemic to this territory. His latest study has real merits. It includes the first extended discussions I know of in English of Raymond Roussel, the eccentric multimillionaire who, early in this century, wrote books that sometimes approach Joyce in sheer intricacy and fascination; René Crevel and Robert Desnos, two extremely interesting personalities, the former especially so; Giorgio de Chirico, universally considered a master in painting but who also left a scarcely read novel that is a little jewel; and Michel Leiris, whom I consider one of the greatest prose writers of the present day.

Despite all this, *Surrealism and the Novel* is not entirely satisfactory. Part of the trouble lies in doing a book on this subject in English and one that seems addressed to the uninitiated, for the time is not yet ripe for it. Of the nine modern French writers Matthews discusses at length, only two have had the luck to see major works of theirs translated into English, Julien Gracq and Michel Leiris; and the latter's *Manhood*, published by Grossman in 1963, went almost unnoticed. Of the others, one will be lucky to find a few pages in some out-of-the-way, and perhaps now extinct, little magazine. Matthews is hardly to blame for the economics of publishing or the taste of the public, but the fact remains that here is a book about authors some of whom are still too marginal to deserve individual discussion, intended for a relatively wide public that will not have read them; and this basic fact has several consequences.

One has to do with the subject itself. As Matthews rightly remarks, Surrealism has tended to disdain the novel, with its almost inevitable baggage of prosaic, descriptive naturalism. Surrealist novels are not novels at all in any of the usual senses of that word: plot, characterization, point of view. What one finds instead are images, sometimes random, sometimes highly organized, but always very rich in overtones, for Surrealism, as we have seen, is very much aware of its literary antecedents. The images on which it depends refer to a long tradition of 19th-

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century writing – some of which Matthews briefly discusses – and indeed, for such relatively decent writers as Gracq and Mandiargues these literary allusions provide the basic frame of reference. For the reader who is familiar with this tradition and has the works of its modern descendants open on his desk so he can look up chapter and verse, these images can be glossed and explicated; but such a reader would not need an introductory book like Matthews'.

Matthews sensed this dilemma, for with his usual concern with intelligibility he has tried to give an idea of the novels he discusses by summarizing them. But as the novels are complex the summary tends to occupy the whole of the chapter, leaving little place for interpretation; and the summary itself is usually less than successful, for "novels" that depend entirely on the resonance of their images instead of on plot or motivation do not lend themselves to resumés. Matthews has had the lucidity, and the courage, to avoid more prose paraphrases of what are usually closer to poetry, but on balance it is hard to see what he could have done instead for an interested but uninformed public. One positive fact emerges: for the present, more translations of Surrealist texts themselves are needed. And in this regard, it is worth calling particular attention to the extremely valuable anthology of Surrealist "documents" – tracts, manifestos, excerpts from creative works – that follow Nadeau's own text: the most effective preaching is by example, and the presence of these "documents" will do far more to give the reader an idea of what Surrealist writing is like than any summary possibly could.

Miss Moore Herself

by Barbara Howes

"Tell me, tell me, tell me, elm." In a title reminiscent of James Joyce's famous line near the end of the *Anna Livia Plurabelle* section of *Finnegans Wake*, Miss Moore addresses herself not to a tree, but to *Granite, Steel, and Other Topics*. Joyce's magical incantation lingers in the mind, as does Miss Moore's magic also.

Tell Me, Tell Me
Granite, Steel, and Other Topics
by Marianne Moore
(Viking; $3.95)

Her new volume revives the pleasant literary tradition of the short book. Here she has collected prose and verse written since 1959; one has, thus, a sampling of what has most interested her recently, and not the overstuffed ottoman of a book that so often turns up these days. Dylan Thomas published *18 Poems* in 1934, *Twenty-five Poems* in 1936, and *Twenty-six Poems* in 1949, and each of these brief volumes offers a concentrated image of what was in his mind at that stage. Poetry is a solitary art, perhaps, and except in the case of a collected volume, which is a different matter altogether, it – and the reader – benefits from brevity.

Miss Moore writes of many things, and her tremendous sympathy for both the natural and the fantastical is as keen as ever. One comes upon gems of imaginative description:

> . . . . zigzagging
> road-runner, stenciled in black
> stripes all over, the tail
> windmilling up to defy me?

or the paddock boy at an old amusement park: "limber-slouched against a post."

This park, which has since been superseded by La Guardia Airport, is deftly sketched in, with the somewhat ominous blur of the future hovering in the background. Then there is a spirited satire on "artists in residence": Bach coralled for "Northwestern," and

> Haydn, when he had heard of
> Bach's billowing sail,
> begged Prince
> Esterházy to lend him to Yale.

There are other familiar adjuncts of Miss Moore's style: her liking – one might almost call it a passion – for a Latinate vocabulary, as in the poem *To a Giraffe*.

> If it is unpermissible, in fact fatal
> to be personal and undesirable
>
> to be literal – detrimental, as well
> if the eye is not innocent – does that
> mean that
>
> one can live only on top leaves that
> are small
> reachable only by a beast
> that is tall? –

There is, too, the deft use of quotation, which brings to my mind the image of an enormous literary workbox, full of all those things that one might one day need: bright threads, a gold thimble, metaphor, a button-box, unusual locutions.

And there is, also, a frequent return to various larger themes; shadowy preoccupations that seem to remain always in the back of her mind: the title poem begins:

> Tell me, tell me
> where might there be a refuge
> for me
> from egocentricity
> and its propensity to bisect,
> mis-state, misunderstand
> and obliterate continuity?

And from a prose piece: "Always, in whatever I wrote – prose or verse – I have had a burning desire to be explicit; beset always, however carefully I had written, by the charge of obscurity."

Finally, there is a perfectly delightful sketch of her pet crow, Pluto. She entitles this piece "a Fantasy," but ends by remarking: "If what you have been reading savors of mythology, could I make it up? and if I could, would I impose it on you? Remember, life is stranger than fiction." But whether fantasy or "happening," it is all one. Miss Moore has enriched us again with her highly individual perception.

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THEATRE

The Writer as Enemy

Hail Scrawdyke! by David Halliwell closed after eight performances. Why then do I write about it? Because it deserves notice. It is one of a distinguished panel of plays that never had a chance. I am probably omitting somebody's favorite and including one or two that others love to hate, but a rough listing might be: Jane Bowles' *In the Summer House,* Tennessee Williams' *Summer and Smoke* and *Camino Real,* O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh,* O'Casey's *Red Roses for Me,* Truman Capote's *The Grass Harp,* and more recently, Saul Bellow's *The Last Analysis,* Terrence McNally's *And Things That Go Bump in the Night,* Joe Orton's *Entertaining Mr. Sloane,* and almost any play by Brecht. For all their differences, these plays share common talents or visions, and therefore, by way of the instant, vacuum-packed judgments of Broadway, several common burdens.

In its own way, *Scrawdyke* defines them all. For a start, its leading character does not command easy sympathy, and this, as we've come to know on Broadway, is not the way to win audiences or influence reviewers. Known in England as *Little Malcolm and His Struggle Against the Eunuchs,* Halliwell's play catches the scruffy young art student, Malcolm Scrawdyke, at that point in his life when urgent panic is about to outrun simple fear. The exterior rim of the story describes Scrawdyke's public actions. Expelled from art school in the Northern industrial city of Huddersfield, he is after the blood of the teacher he holds responsible. He enlists the support of three chums, Irwin, Wick, and Nipple, each in his way as ineffectual as Scrawdyke. Irwin is terrorized by decisions, Wick falls in romantically with other people's decisions, and Nipple resides in a private palace of verbal inventions where his projected Great Novel is emperor and fantasy his god. Scrawdyke's fantasy is quite another matter, not to be taken seriously by Nipple, but a game he can play momentarily, so long as it remains a fantasy.

The game and its variations, all of them enacted within Scrawdyke's messy studio, are the means by which Scrawdyke and his friends can match their private bewilderments against the glaring indignities and aimless cruelties of public life. Seizing imaginary power, they map a campaign to take over the world while, almost incidentally, avenging themselves on the despised teacher. They form a society which, in effect, mirrors the real society they see. First comes the new political party, then the sworn allegiance to the leader – Scrawdyke; next an emblem and a flag, then the political rally played to recorded hurrahs, and finally the tribunal trial of one of their own. (Nipple is tried for paranoia – whatever he says is held against him – and he is told that he can plead either guilty or very guilty.) Somewhere amid this mock political action, they manage to stage two other mockeries: the theft of a valuable painting and the subsequent humiliation of their teacher.

Theirs is the Absurd State featuring "soaring pyramids dedicated to nothing." The difference between their nihilism and the world's is that they are willing to give it a name. The leader of the Great Society, for one example, likes to use the word "compassion" while bombs are dropping in Asia. But the leader of the Party of Dynamic Erection (that has a familiar Texas ring) says with touching candor, "Ask me for love and I'll punch you in the mouth."

There is another difference between Scrawdyke and the society he parodies. When Scrawdyke makes the actual countdown for action – thirty seconds, twenty seconds, ten, five, four, three, two, one – nothing happens. Scrawdyke is trembling, but nobody moves, least of all Scrawdyke. In his private monologues at the beginning of each act, he had described his sexual dreams and suggested his confirmed virginity. Now only the confrontation with one real event remains, in this case, the arrival of a girl.

Here, unfortunately, Halliwell lets the play take a schematic, awkwardly predictable turn: the girl offers herself to Scrawdyke, he turns her down indignantly, and within moments rallies his friends into the real violence of punching. The scene has the outward force of dramatic action without its inner compulsion, almost as if it was written in order to conform to some alien idea of a play's ending. Scrawdyke loses all his friends and doesn't even possess, as he says, the willpower needed for a mental breakdown. Suddenly his story is too neat and final. Logically, it was

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Notes on Contributors

Bernard B. Fall, *now on his way to Vietnam for his sixth stay, is writing a new book,* Hell in a Very Small Place: The Siege of Dien Bien Phu. John Updike's *newest book is* The Music School. Jerrold Lanes *is in the French department at Princeton.* Barbara Howes' *book* Looking up at Leaves *has just been published by Knopf.* Gordon Rogoff *is on the faculty of the Yale Drama School.*

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a play without resolution, for Scrawdyke had been presenting portraits of the artist as relentless inventor, not really an angry young man waiting to be pacified, but an unplaced person waiting only for the moment when his public and private selves can usefully converge. The play, as it began and continued, can never really end.

This submission to convention was not the flaw, however, which murdered *Scrawdyke* in New York. On the contrary. Had Scrawdyke been more likeable in his actions and relationships, an audience obsessed with mechanical resolutions would have taken his moment of personal discovery into its flinty heart. Too late, however. The play had already established a highly moral fable in an equally high amoral structure, and this is the sin Broadway doesn't forgive.

The source of the trouble is a persistent refusal to grant to the playwright the independent freedom of his characters or situations. Beneath the coolness to *Scrawdyke* and the other plays lies a nagging fear that the playwright is covering every action in his drama with a personal seal of approval. As a mode of popular criticism, this has been refined to make one of the richest veins of comedy – that of malice and un-manners – almost impossible. Rogues, pimps, whores, conmen, petty dreamers and extravagant schemers have been virtually exiled from our commodity stage, at least when presented as motivating and leading forces.

What is worse, our theatre has almost forgotten how to play them. In this respect, the rejection of *Scrawdyke*, and the initial rejection of almost all the plays on the list, both serious and comic, can be linked to wrongheaded productions. Their directors, for the most part, couldn't let a moment pass without filling it with nervous spasms known as "business." The sets were almost always mobbed by objects, crowded with color and detail, all designed to fill the gaps between words. If actors weren't shouting, they were usually doing the fifty-yard dash. Most of the casting was awful.

In *Scrawdyke*, for example, the three young men imported from London were not young enough. Charmless, loud, and more arch than a vaulted ceiling, they never held to the steady

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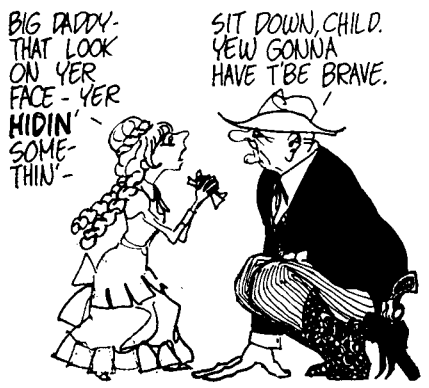
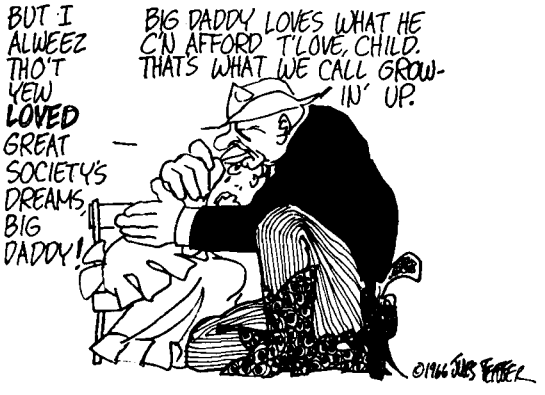


BUT IT COULD ON'Y BE A LI'L BITTY ACCIDENT WITH YEW LOOKIN' AFTER GREAT SOCIETY THE WAY YEW ALWEEZ SWORE Y'WOULD, BIG DADDY.
GREAT SOCIETY HAS GONE AWAY, HAS GONE T'SLEEP, HAS GONE TO A BETTER LAND'N YEW AN' I KNOW OF, CHILD.

HOW C'D THERE BE A BETTER LAND'N THIS HERE LAND, BIG DADDY? I WANT T'GO WITH GREAT SOCIETY!
GREAT SOCIETY WOULDN'T WANT THAT, CHILD. GREAT SOCIETY'D WANT US T'CARRY ON WITHOUT HIM EVEN EF IT MEANS GIVIN' UP SOME O' HIS DREAMS.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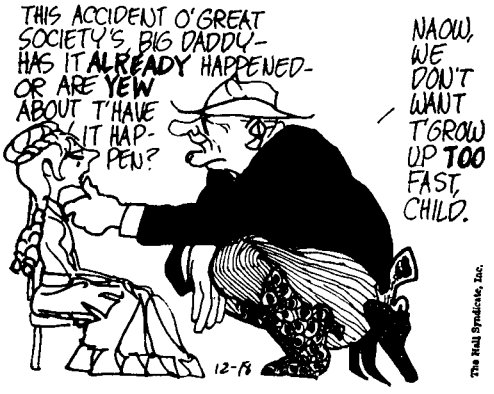
THIS ACCIDENT O' GREAT SOCIETY'S, BIG DADDY- HAS IT ALREADY HAPPENED- OR ARE YEW ABOUT T'HAVE IT HAP-PEN?
NAOW, WE DON'T WANT T'GROW UP TOO FAST, CHILD.
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rhythm of their author, preferring to play prolonged speeches like announcements, settling back into an unlistening position. Only the single American in the cast, Austin Pendleton, as the stammering Irwin, found the play's native idiom, wisely electing the life of the role even if he couldn't manage the accent. With his chewed lip threatening to disappear behind his teeth, he presented the authentic image of a generation unable to describe its nightmares.

In spite of the grinding frenzy within every move of Alan Arkin's production, I could still wish that the play had lingered for a time, if only to have given David Halliwell a chance to be heard. Here is a writer who can press images into the service of dialogue, thought merging seamlessly into action; a writer able to define characters through differing figures of speech; a writer possessed by verbal energy.

GORDON ROGOFF

Correspondence

Gaullism

Sirs:

"Gaullism" is an obvious temptation for the American liberal. He would see Gaullism as a policy rejecting massacre in Vietnam; rejecting the exclusion of Red China from world affairs; rejecting the prolongation of the Cold War in Europe and its concomitant military organization in NATO; rejecting the exclusive domination of the Western World by the United States, a domination which de Gaulle would seek to challenge, it is said, through the construction of a United Europe. It is nevertheless disappointing to find in *The New Republic* (November 12, 1966) a near endorsement of Gaullist policy and a blind repetition of Gaullist propaganda.

In the first place, it is unfair to credit de Gaulle with the end of colonialism in France. Before he came to power, Indochina, Morocco, and Tunisia had regained independence; and the "loi-cadre" prepared by Gaston Defferre opened the way to independence of the remaining territories controlled by France. As for the agonizing Algerian war, it is fit to remember that it lasted as long under de Gaulle (1958-1962) as before him (1954-1958).

Secondly, it is difficult to believe de Gaulle when he speaks of a political Europe. Against the grandiloquent statements, consider the record: his ceaseless effort to destroy the existing European structures and his refusal to promote new ones. De Gaulle chose to stop Great Britain from entering the Common Market. He stalled the functioning of this organism for half a year starting from June 1965. He refused any extension of the powers of the existing supranational institutions, such as would have resulted from the proposed fusion of the Commissions of the three European Communities (Common Market, Coal and Steel, Euratom) or from the direct election of the members of the European Parliament instead of the present system of appointing members of the national parliaments.

De Gaulle's conception of Europe is one of independent nations, loosely knit in an organization led by France, the only nuclear power of the lot. It is one which no other European nation accepts. In trying to impose on France's partners this parody of a European Federation, de Gaulle has mainly succeeded in stalling development of European unity. Only a united Europe would have the necessary political and economic weight to make itself heard in Washington. By resisting unity, de Gaulle has renounced the possibility of effectively contesting American policies. The Chinese are no closer to entering the UN, or any less isolated, as a result of France's ties with Peking, nor are the South Americans less dependent on their northern neighbor because of de Gaulle's tour of Latin America, nor are the Vietnamese suffering less because of de Gaulle's speech in Pnom-Penh. It is very nice to advocate sensible means for dealing with dangerous situations. It may nevertheless be asked whether, by blocking the development of a united Europe, whose absence on the world scene is more serious every day, de Gaulle does not bear some responsibility, albeit indirect, for the disastrous course followed by Washington in Southeast Asia.

Lastly, it is impossible not to denounce the folly of an extreme nationalistic policy, of which the French nuclear force is an obvious means and sign. A major effect of this policy is to foster the rise of German nationalism and of its leaders, the men who, significantly, are known as the "German Gaullists."

While I agree, as you do, with de Gaulle's analysis of the situation in Southeast Asia, I suggest you do not allow yourselves to be blinded to the negative and retrograde effects of his overall policies.

Marc Dupont
Highland Park, N. J.

Language and Lexicons

Sirs:

Mr. J. M. Edelstein, who reviewed the *Random House Dictionary of the English Language* (November 26), demonstrates that he does not want to understand either the tasks of linguists or those of lexicographers; regrettably, he wishes to remain prejudiced or unin-

This was our June cover. You should have seen October's.

By Jerome Agel

While reviewers are praising for the umpteenth time the diary of a Swiss private and the history of glass design, we're reporting what's happening, what's really happening, baby. Like "The Boys of Boise," Idaho's homosexual scandals; For Hotch the Belle Tolls; The real message of "MacBird": "Don't jump on the RFK bandwagon"; Pamela Tiffin's College of One; New Journalists Replacing Old Novelists; LSD and the turned-on grandmother; "Ho Chi Minh's Daughter"; Capote pays up his Tynan bet. Our name is BOOKS, the lively monthly for the very lively reader. Every issue is an unpredictable experience. Says Newsweek: "BOOKS has a talent for first-rate scoops." Broadway-London playwright: "Every issue is like a great night in the theater." Captain of industry: "Gives me ideas." Princeton prof: "BOOKS is fantastically imaginative, entertaining. Put me down for two more gift subscriptions." Manhattan femme fatale: "Reading BOOKS is like living with someone you love. You're beautiful." Our widely quoted, exclusive Cocktail Party column makes news: Jeane Dixon, the seer, told us: "Governor Wallace would make a good President." Marshall McLuhan said: "Art is anything you can get away with." News, seminal ideas, layouts available nowhere else. Plus plus plus. Scoop scoop scoop. There is something new under the fun sun: Us—BOOKS. See for yourself.

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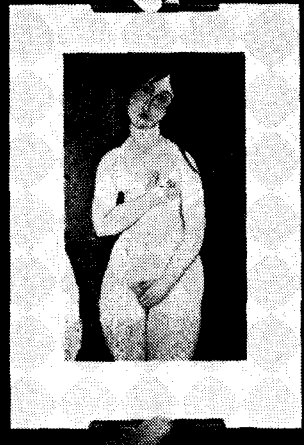

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formed. He simply encourages one to keep his copy of *Webster's Second Unabridged* because it is, for some unsupported reason, excluded from "the long history of the corruption of the language." He seems to suggest that color, size of print, and similar peripheral matters (admittedly important in selling the dictionary) take precedence over the lexicographer's main purpose – to present an accurate, authoritative (and not authoritarian) record of words and their usage; Mr. Edelstein does not discuss any specific entries of words.

Because he overlooks any advancements made in the studies of language in the last two centuries, he makes various outlandish assertions: "The lexicon proper continues the downward trend toward anarchy in language and usage . . ."; the philosophy of Mr. Jess Stein, together with his staff, "supports not the precise and the exact, but the vague and the ambiguous"; this philosophy "ignores tradition and authority"; the "norm" of their dictionary "is the lowest common denominator"; and so on.

Mr. Edelstein categorically subscribes to the capricious notion that "the only ruler" linguists "obey" is change. Neither linguists nor lexicographers have decreed change, for it has always, as he undoubtedly knows, operated within language. One can rightly ask, why is change to be viewed as "corruption?" What is a corrupt form? How is this form singled out and condemned? It can, nevertheless, be observed what standard and nonstandard forms are, since the standard ones – representing a cultural level – reflect the usage of the majority of formally educated speakers in the American society who usually recognize the nonstandard ones (also representing a cultural level). To label nonstandard forms as "corrupt" suggests the establishment of a Legion of Decency or a Board of Purity whose duties would be to compose sacred, inflexible laws of language.

Usage is, of course, "real and various"; Mr. Edelstein apparently thinks that linguists do not think so. Both linguists and lexicographers would know that a speaker or a writer varies his usage in light of various dimensions with respect to methodology (whether it be a matter of speech or of writing), to region, social class, age, occupation, and to situation. It is unrealistic to view language in simple ways and to expect lexicographers, and certainly linguists, to arbitrate, fix, or control usage by appealing to some supreme linguistic god. Samuel Johnson knew that he could not do so.

Wallace L. Pretzer
Bowling Green State University

Saving Money

Sirs:

During the past several years, the public's propensity to save has dropped from approximately 7.8 percent to 5.3 percent at the latest reading. This new rate appears to be abnormally low. A rate of 7.2 percent – 7.4 percent prevailed during most of the fifties. The resulting high rate of consumer spending has added fuel to the overheated economy. Because of the current low savings rate, the administration has an option other than raising taxes, open to it. That option is to urge the public to save not spend. One mild step in that direction has already been taken with the authorization of five-year notes. But I am not proposing savings only via government instruments alone. I am suggesting a campaign for all kinds of saving whether in banks, in savings and loan institutions, or in insurance.

A campaign launched by the President and supported by all government officials interested in fiscal policy might cost as much as $15 or $20 million. But the cost would be a mere drop in the bucket compared to the results it might achieve.

A first objective would be to up the savings rate and defer consumer spending. A one percent change would mean that approximately $4 billion would become available for investment. Bank liquidity would be improved and the crisis in the financial community might be eased. Furthermore, this change would reduce normal demand and ease the overtaxed facilities of the economy now operating close to or above rated capacity.

Complete success in achieving all objectives seems unobtainable, but here are some other goals. First, to do away with the need for a tax increase; second, to prove to the world that the American people have the maturity and

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wisdom to do what is required of them; third, to give the public a chance to indicate its support for the administration and to give subtle evidence to the Communist world that the administration has the cooperation rather than the opposition of the majority of the American people; fourth, to end the policy of secrecy about the cost of the Vietnam War. If the administration were to advise the progress of the savings campaign, in my opinion, it would have a salutary effect on public opinion; and last to build a base of deferred purchases that would come into play after the Asian conflict has been settled.

Lest the message not be clearly understood, the President might announce that if this effort to cool the economy failed, a tax increase would follow. By accepting this approach, the President thus loses none of his options; the public gains a respite from higher taxes; the overheated economy is cooled because public spending has been curtailed; the pressure on interest rates is lessened, and the crisis in the banking system is probably ended.

Murray L. Silberstein
New York City

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Three for the Cult

Sirs:

In *Three for the Cult* by Gerald Weales (November 26), the texts of two of the three books under review, *The Monster Den* by John Ciardi and *The Adventures of Gremlin* by DuPre Jones, are dealt with in one and two sentences respectively; it appears that the books were only included because they had been supplied with by no means lavish or important illustrations by the author of the third. I find this shocking.

Edward Gorey
New York, N.Y.

Tribute to Douglas

Sirs:

As a sidelight to TRB's tribute to Paul Douglas: The Senator had portraits of Sir Thomas More and Erasmus in his inner office. Periodically he would receive constituents in that office. He would point out these portraits and say, "Sir Thomas More got involved in politics and was ultimately beheaded. Erasmus stayed out of politics and died a natural death. Draw your own conclusions."

Michael Wexler
Champaign, Illinois

Argentina's Universities

Sirs:

Frank Manitza's interpretation (November 19) of the events surrounding the military repression of the Argentine Universities is in general quite correct. The behavior of the Argentine military is inexcusable. The generals are sufficiently "progressive" – after their own fashion – to seek to utilize a docile technocratic elite for its projects (and thus there is some point to the charges frequently made by liberal Argentines against the Catholic universities with their up-to-date degree programs and absence of student politics); but they are absolutely incapable of comprehending, much less tolerating, a University one of whose major functions is a watchful criticism of the nation's socio-political evolution. . . .

One indicative statistic: between 1952 and 1962 the ratio of drop-outs to graduates for the University as a whole was two and a half to one, and very few of the drop-outs were for purely academic reasons. Both the causes and the consequences of University disorganization are complicated, but money is at the root of much of it. All projects for reform have foundered on the niggardliness of the national government. Among other things, this has prevented all but a very few professors from dedicating themselves full-time. Not surprisingly, in the absence of professorial leadership in University self-government, students have assumed many responsibilities, and have on the whole carried them out well. Indeed, it is not too much to say that without effective student participation, the dishevelment of the University would probably have been far more advanced than it was. The price for this was an ebullient and sometimes explosive student political culture.

In any case, following the military

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takeover of the government in June, the professors, with unwonted energy, sought to clean their own house, and had reason to expect restraint from the military while they did so. However, the intervention, when it came on July 29, was carried out unilaterally and without warning. This fact, and the fact also that General Ongania expressed no regrets over the resultant mayhem until queried sharply by the US Department of State in the matter of Professor Ambrose, was not lost on the Argentines.

Ronald C. Newton
Purdue University

Kauffmann, *from page 23*

those dated novels of his in which the thin homosexual blood of dusty dons is stirred by a visitation of the Great God Pan while on long vacation in the Italian Alps?" Aside from the fact that he seems to have confused a famous Forster story with two Forster novels, again Muggeridge must be virtually alone in his complaint.

D. H. Lawrence is his particular hate. He admits the beauty of the early part of *Sons and Lovers*, then goes on to swinge Lawrence soundly. He is not content to point up the silliness and incredibility of much of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* – certainly one of the most overrated of novels – but he has to persist in attacking almost all the rest of Lawrence's work. His repeated method of attack is the *ad hominem* argument (*ad non-hominem?*) that Lawrence worshipped sex because he was probably impotent. (Muggeridge is at it again in the December *Playboy*.)

It is the positive statements of professional curmudgeons that always give them away. Here are two of Muggeridge's: He calls Orwell's *Animal Farm* "one of the very few unquestioned literary masterpieces of our time." And in an article about Max Beerbohm in which he tries rather half-heartedly to destroy the Max image (and in which for some reason he keeps referring to Lady Beerbohm as Miss Kahn), he says: "*Cakes and Ale* is an incomparably better piece of writing than anything Beerbohm did, or could have done."

The Orwell opinion seems a confusion of political with literary judgment. As for *Cakes and Ale*, surely it is possible to enjoy it without obscuring the distinction between a master craftsman and a master.

Beneath his wit, his dexterity, his role as the civilized bull in a barbarian china-shop, there is Muggeridge the man. He talks a lot about love – and includes one very friendly essay about Hugh Kingsmill – but fundamentally he seems nasty. When he pursues sham, he tends to look for the worst in ideas and people, rather than for the worst ideas and people. Sometimes he seems to run counter to popular opinion merely out of wilfulness, and often he is highly colored in his deployment of fact. For instance, he talks about the modern mania for being happy and says that many people's minds have cracked under the strain of trying to be happy. Then: "Hemingway's happiness was a bullet he fired into his brain."

A key passage, I think, is his reference to the London *Observer* as "that Salvation Army shelter for the ideological drunks and bums of our time, where I have now sought shelter myself." The questionably ruthless honesty about himself (are we not meant to admire it?) is his self-awarded license for irresponsible vituperation.

Yet, although close examination reveals him not as a serious rebel but only as the village atheist on a cosmopolitan scale, Muggeridge is almost always fun to read. If his mind does not deeply penetrate, it certainly does glitter; and it usually glitters on interesting subjects. Besides, there is the elemental fact that he is difficult *not* to read. Here is the opening of "Shakespeare Rides Again":

> "Next to showing Jesus Christ around the Vatican, I should most like to be conducting officer to William Shakespeare returned to earth for his Quatercentenary celebration."

The article itself only warms up some no-longer-hot coals to haul the celebrators over, but who could resist that opening?

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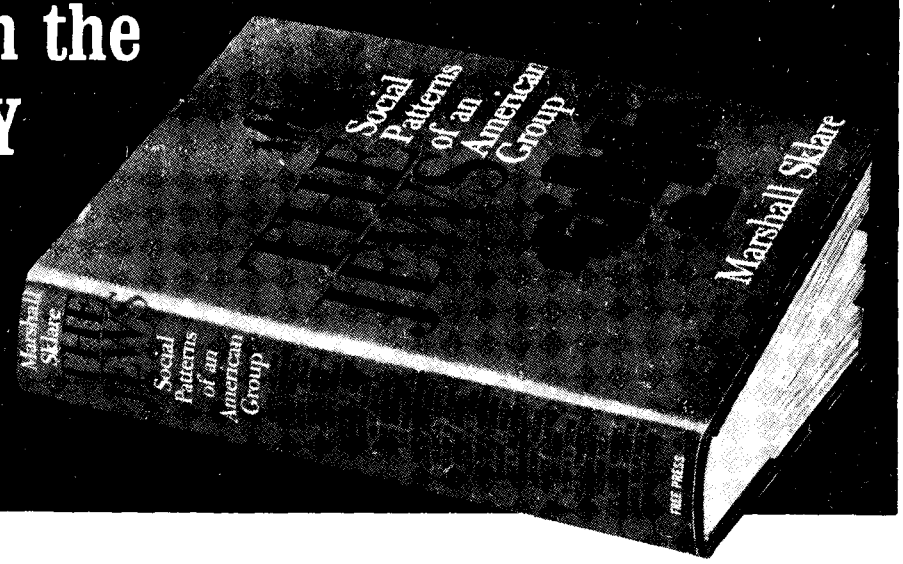

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